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THE NEW MINISTER.

"GOOD-AFTERNOON, Mrs. Gould," said old Mrs. Ames to her neighbor, as she entered her parlor on a lovely May afternoon. "Have you heard the sad news? Our dear old minister is dead. He was found, by his daughter, dead in his arm-chair this morning."

"No," answered Mrs. Gould, "I have not heard of it. But, oh! what shall we do now? Our dear, good old minister! Oh! who will ever fill his place?"

"No one can ever fill his place to us, I am sure," said Mrs. Ames: "no one else can feel for us as he has; no one else enter into our joys and sorrows as he, who knew them all."

And the two old women bent their heads, and wept such tears as the aged only can shed; for, in the bitterest grief of the young, there is an element of hope, which, to the aged, is lost for this world.

The news of the death of the good old saint was soon carried from family to family; and before night the house had been thronged by the villagers, to look once more upon the dear features, which no one among them could ever remember to have seen wear any other than an almost angelic look of gentle patience

and true love. For fifty years had he "gone out and in before that people;" breaking unto them the bread of life, and binding himself more indissolubly with them in all their joys and sorrows, and every vicissitude of life.

And now he had gone to "join the innumerable company of the just made perfect." And, in the midst of their grief, came the thought, "To whom shall we go for comfort now? for in all our other trials he was the one first sought, — the one who always had a word of solace for the bitterest trials."

A few, who were of the number of those who gave him the call in his youth to settle with them, were still left among his people; but nearly all of his oldest friends had departed before him. But, of those who now constituted the most of his parish, he could remember when they were born. With his own hands had he sprinkled upon their foreheads the waters of baptism, and nearly all had he joined in the holy banns of marriage. Scarcely a family there but from its midst had his voice gone up in thanksgiving for the birth of their children, or in supplication for comfort as one after another bright face had passed from them to their Father's home. But never more were they to hear those low, tremulous accents, as he rose in the desk to lead their devotions, — never more feel the warm pressure of his hand, or see the light of his love-beaming eye.

The day had come of his funeral. Below the pulpit, upon the table before which he had so often "broken to them the bread of life," he lay in his coffin. The tremulous voice of one as old as himself — the last remnant of that company of clergymen who had, fifty years before, started together in the ministry — was heard in the quiet, broken only by deep sobs from some old friend: "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." In a few words, he reviewed the life of him who had passed away; speaking of his patience under affliction, his chastened gladness in times of joy, his strong rebukes of sin, his gentle ways with sinners, his strength of purpose, his deep sympathy with his people, his great love for his Master, and all his holy walk in life. "To those who can remember him when he first came among you," said he, "I need not speak of his eloquence as a preacher. Early had he given himself unto the Lord; and all his splendid gifts of mind and heart he had consecrated to his Master's service. You can all remember how he

bore, upon the wings of his prayers, your souls aloft, until they seemed to reach that higher atmosphere, where all is clear, and God's ways to men seem no longer dark; how, when your hearts were joyous, he has turned them to their God, as the source of all joy; how, when they were broken with repentance, he has shown them the Father of a tender mercy, who is ever ready to forgive; how, in the deepest depths of your afflictions, he has shown you the love of God through our Lord Jesus Christ; how, at the graves of your loved ones, he has shown you who 'has brought life and immortality to light:' for, as Jesus has risen, so shall every one rise; and, since He has lain there, the grave has lost its gloom. With what wondrous power he knew the wants of his people! and, in his sermons, how many times have your hearts thrilled within you as he has shown you the fallacy of some doctrine which may have made you to doubt; or the danger which was near, which you did not see until his words showed you where you were; or the temptation, too strong for your resistance, perhaps, which he has carried you safely past! No more will his prayers rise up from this pulpit before the throne of grace, for this people; but, in the realms of everlasting light, he waiteth for you, to lead you to the Father, and to say, 'Here am I, Lord, and the flock which thou hast given me.' May the spirit of our aged friend rest upon us as the mantle of Elijah upon Elisha, and we all be gathered to our fathers, with the blessing of the Lord upon us, as has our dear friend, your aged pastor, this day!"

When the service was ended, they all, with silent steps, passed to take one more last, fond look at the dear face of their spiritual father, before he should be buried from their sight. As the body was lowered into the grave, the voice of the old minister was heard again: "The dust shall return unto the dust as it was; but the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it."

Now came the trouble and anxiety of choosing a new minister. Their old, faithful pastor was dead, and they must find some one to fill his place. The old people shook their heads, and said, "You will never find any one to fill the place of Parson Browne." The younger portion were more hopeful. But month after month went by, and one after another preached to them; but no one seemed to suit all. The old people missed the calm, clear voice and holy face of their old friend, and could not listen patiently to

the smarter and less affectionate manner of the young students who from time to time spoke to them.

But the young people, as was natural, were quite delighted with some of the young men whom they heard. They wished for a young man; and the older ones wished for an older, more experienced man, — one whose ways of thinking and acting were more like to themselves and their old friend. "You will never have any one to stay with you fifty years again, I think," said old Mr. Dean. "No, never again," said Mrs. Ames.

Things went on so for more than a year; until at last there came a young man, who took the young people quite by storm, as one may say. They were all so delighted! And the whole parish at last decided to give him a call. After some time of doubt, he decided to accept. And now the whole village was in a great state of excitement. The people were gathering together, and talking about it at every corner. When neighbor met neighbor, nothing else was talked about but the new preacher and his coming ordination. The old clergyman of the neighboring parish was still living, and was to lay on his head the ordaining hands, and consecrate him to his work.

The day has come and gone, and all are discussing it. There is a party at Deacon Harlow's, and the young minister is there. Of a shy, reserved temperament, but very sensitive, he is hardly equal to the task of making the acquaintance of so many strangers, who, he knows, are watching every movement, and weighing every word. He is afraid they will think him proud and cold, or careless and indifferent of pleasing. The color comes into his face, and his eyes brighten, as old Mr. Dean, trembling with the infirmities of age, goes up to him with outstretched hand, and welcomes him to his labors; telling him that he was one of those who settled Mr. Browne, more than fifty years ago. But he cannot help seeing that some look coldly on him, as though they were determined to find fault.

The conversation turned upon the present position of ministers; and old Mr. Dean remarked, "he thought they had a harder time than formerly."

"I do not know about that," said Mr. Shaw: "we pay them twice, yes, three times, as much as we used to."

"Very well," said Mr. Dean; "but you know every thing is

dearer now, and we ought to give a higher salary. A man cannot live now upon what he could once."

"Yes," answered Mr. Shaw; "but I know I do not make eight hundred dollars a year."

Mr. Dean looked at him earnestly, and said, in a rebuking manner, "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

Mr. Shaw said no more, but looked rather crestfallen. But the subject was discussed at large.

"For my part," said Mrs. Jones, "I wonder that any young man, now-a-days, is willing to become a minister; for there is so much fault found with them, and they are expected to do so much, and have no assurance of keeping a parish for half a year at a time, that I wonder that they are not all frightened into the choice of some other profession." Their young minister, Mr. Hammond, answered, that "it was so;" he knew it to be a fact. "They were afraid they should not have faith and patience enough, or talents enough, to make them acceptable; and they dreaded this changing from parish to parish."

"I do not wonder at it," said Mr. Dean; "for every man now seems to expect to have a minister just for himself, who shall preach only his peculiar views; and if the minister happen to have an opinion of his own at variance with his parish, and dare to utter it, then he offends many; and discord and contention, and a dismission, most probably succeed."

"Well," said Mr. Shaw, "I do not think that a minister has any right to preach what his people don't like. I take it, we hire a minister to preach for us, and pay him, and expect his services, just as we do those of any other person whom we hire; and I think he ought to preach to please the people."

"But," said Deacon Harlow, "the office of a minister is very different, I think, from that of any other. He is to stand, as it were, in the place of Christ, our Master, to us. He is 'to watch for our souls, as one who must give account.' Now, not what is pleasing to the ear or pleasing to our selfishness is he to preach to us, but the word of the living God, — 'the truth as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

"Yes," said Mr. Dean, "it is not to say pleasant things to us that we want a minister, but to watch for our souls; to see when the Tempter is nigh; to see if our hearts are not growing cold, or our attention to holy things growing lax; to speak a word of

encouragement to the faint-hearted; to urge the indifferent; to arouse the sinner; to soften the hardened; to touch our souls with a coal from the fire which has been kindled, and still burns, in his own soul."

The eyes of the young minister glistened, and his heart glowed, at those words from his aged friend.

"How," thought he, "am I to fulfil all these duties, which are my duties certainly? Thou, O God! wilt help me."

Some of the young people thought Mr. Dean had said too much, and would discourage Mr. Hammond.

"Many people at the present time," said Deacon Harlow, "think only of the talents and intellectual acquirements of a minister; and to preach what they call splendid sermons is all they desire of him. The preaching of sermons is a great part, to be sure, of a preacher's work; but it is not the greatest part, after all. He is to lead our devotions as well as preach to our sins; and sometimes this is the most effectual method of preaching to our sins. And, in his office of pastor, he comes very near to his people, and can reach their hearts better with a few pleasant words of warning, or a fervent pressure of the hand, and a sympathizing look in the time of their trial, than he could by the finest drawn argument, and most elaborate diction of a sermon."

"Ah," said Mr. Jones, "how like the cold brilliancy of the northern lights are these same splendid sermons! and with what a chill they fall upon the heart oppressed with sorrow, sin, or care! There is none of the warmth of the sunlight of the love of God in Christ Jesus in them; and, like the light from those northern snows, they can bring forth no fruit."

"A man needs more than a fine intellect, cultivated to the highest point," said Deacon Harlow, "or great power of language, and the grace of an orator, to be a minister; though all these may go to make up a perfect one. But, besides, he needs a heart wholly given up to God and his service; he needs to be able to lay his hand in the hand of his Master, 'and thus to journey on,' taking, by the power of this grace, his people with him."

"Yes," said Mr. Dean; "and, as I said, a minister's position now is not so pleasant or easy as it was formerly. In some things, probably, the change is for the better. People have learned to think for themselves more, and not rely so blindly upon their teachers. But the feeling of sympathy between pastor and people

is very much less than it used to be. They do not come so near each other; the tenderness and beauty of the relation is much weakened by the constant changes that are made. Ministers do not stay long enough in a parish, half of the time, to become acquainted with the people; and how *can* they feel the interest in them that they would if they were to stay longer, and feel as though they belonged to them? I do not mean to say that the old way of settling a minister for life is the best way, for I do not think so; but I do say, that if the people would have a little more love and sympathy for their ministers, and not be so quick to see faults, and so ready to blame, it would be much better for all parties."

"I honor a man who is not afraid to speak what he feels to be the truth," said Deacon Harlow, "even if it be different from my own convictions; and a time-server has no right to desecrate the holy office by holding it for a day."

"Well," said Mrs. Jones, "I think the present position of things will have this advantage, — to thoroughly sift the wheat from the tares; for soon none but those who truly love the Lord and his service, and feel, as it were, especially called, will be found willing to take up this calling, which is now the most unfavorable to worldly peace of any profession they can follow."

"Yes," said Mr. Hammond, "none but such as feel this love for the Master have any right to hold this office. To be a clergyman is now no sinecure; and they who enter the profession because they believe it to be an easy one, ought to be mistaken, and will find themselves so most certainly."

Mr. Hammond was called upon to close the meeting with prayer. With a few words of earnest supplication, — for he was truly gifted in prayer, and prayed with his whole heart, — he prayed for the welfare of them all; that his own heart might not grow cold nor his own patience fail, and that the hearts of his people might be drawn more and more to him in the time to come.

In the quiet of his own chamber, that night, Mr. Hammond sat down to look into the future. From his earliest boyhood, he had chosen the ministry for his profession. Of rare endowments of mind, and a peculiarly pleasing manner, it was no wonder that the younger portion of his parish should have been attracted so strongly to him. He thought over the conversation of the even-

ing, what each one had said, and the feeling manifested. There was much to give him encouragement: but he could not help seeing that there were some who were not quite satisfied; and he dreaded this element of discord, too plainly shown. And he dreaded, likewise, the sort of adulation which he received from some of his friends. A blind and overweening praise, he knew, was too often changed for as blind a condemnation. In his own heart he felt his weakness, and he trembled as he thought of what was before him. To do the will of his Father was uppermost in his heart, and he trusted in the help of the Holy Spirit. He was of a very sensitive and loving nature, and had always had the watchful tenderness of his mother about him, and he felt a sort of isolation in his present position. But a very short time from college, where he lived so exclusively the life of a student, and very young, he knew but little, practically, of life. But he had one knowledge, the key to all others, — the knowledge of his own heart: for that he had made his most diligent study. And "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

But he felt sure of some true friends. In the fatherly kindness of the old patriarch, Mr. Dean, the sagacity and candor of good Deacon Harlow, the motherly attention of Mrs. Ames, and the ready sympathy of Mrs. Jones, with whom he boarded, he felt a sort of strength that gave him great gladness.

But the elements of discord were at work: some had never liked him. With some he was too orthodox; with others he was too much inclined to mix *politics* up with his sermons. "The vexed questions of party strife," they said, "had no place in the service of the sanctuary." One complained that he preached temperance sermons. For his part, he did not see what a minister had to do with such things in the pulpit: he was to preach religion, and not teetotalism; and he, for one, did not like it.

"What upon earth," said Mr. Shaw, "did Mr. Hammond mean by giving us such an abolition discourse this morning? I wonder if he thinks that we hired him to preach politics to us. He had better mind how he preaches his abolitionism here. Always praying about slavery, and such things! For my part, I think there are plenty of sinners and sins in old Massachusetts to pray for, without troubling ourselves about the sins of the people off there, down South."

One said his prayers were too long; others, his sermons too

long; that twenty or twenty-five minutes were sufficient, and that more only tired the patience of his audience. "If he only had talent enough, he could condense his thoughts into a sermon of that length, and have it more effective than if he dragged it out for three-quarters of an hour."

As though a fervent spirit, full of the importance of the mission of Jesus to man, could measure his thoughts by the tickings of a watch, or always have his sermons come of just such a length; cut off with the same precision as the web of the weaver, — just so many yards!

Mr. Shaw, and a few others, grumbled at the salary they had to give him. "So much more than their old minister had!" they said. It never occurred to them, that perhaps they had cheated their old friend out of his righteous due.

These things coming to his notice, could not help troubling Mr. Hammond. It had been represented to him that he had had an unanimous call, and he had taken it upon trust that he was to have no open opposition at least. Had it not been for the kindness of Mr. Dean and the warm assistance of Deacon Harlow, he thought sometimes that his courage must have failed him.

But he was enabled, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to keep on the even tenor of his way, doing and saying in the pleasantest manner every thing he felt it his duty to do and say; for from what he felt to be his duty he could not swerve.

In his intercourse with his people, he endeavored to be frank and friendly, even where he was rather coldly received. With children and the aged he was a great favorite in a short time. "A good sign," said Mrs. Jones; "for there is a sort of insight into character in both that is sure to be right."

Of course, he was to take the lead of every thing that was to be done in the parish. He must superintend the Sunday school; deliver evening lectures upon the Scriptures; have three services on the Sunday; visit all who were sick, or in any kind of trouble; make friendly calls upon all of his people; and never fail of having two fresh sermons on the sabbath, filled with his highest thoughts; and not to exchange often, as "they did not want to hear every old prosy man in the country round."

With the greatest patience and the most indefatigable zeal, he tried to fulfil all that was required of him. "You will kill yourself if you go on at this rate," said Mrs. Jones, "sitting up that

twelve o'clock at night to write, after what you have done in the day. I wonder what the people can think, to break in upon your time so continually. Why do you not have a particular time set apart for their calls?"

"Because," said Mr. Hammond, "I know that many would feel it as an arrogant assumption on my part. Some come from a distance, and cannot always command their time; and I should feel very sorry to refuse to see any such."

"Well," answered Mrs. Jones, "I should think that the people who live near might time their visits better." And she took care to let the people know that she thought he was overworking himself.

As the months went by, Mr. Hammond's fine talents as a writer and speaker were becoming more generally known and appreciated, and the calls upon him still greater in consequence. Not an ordination or installation within the circuit but he must take some part in it. He was asked to deliver lectures to lyceums, and Fourth-of-July orations, and to attend and address all sorts of celebrations. The parish were very proud of the rising fame of their minister: it was a fine thing to have the finest preacher in the county for theirs. But none of his other duties was he to give up for any of these.

By and by, he brought a wife home with him. This was a new source of vexation to some. "A city miss, full of fashion and fine dresses!" said Mr. Shaw. "What can she know of the duties of a country minister's wife?"

"I hear our minister's wife is a very accomplished lady," said Mrs. Ames.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Green; "but she is so young, and unused to every thing about housework, I do not see how they are to get along. But, as long as they board at Mrs. Jones's, they will do well enough, I suppose."

"I should think they would have gone to housekeeping," said one.

"Well, I suppose they will, as soon as they can have a house to suit," said Mrs. Ames. "Hard suiting my lady, I fancy," was answered.

"Oh, Carrie Harlow, you ought to hear Mrs. Hammond play on her piano!" said Maria Jones. "She does play so beautifully!"

She is going to play the new organ for us in church. Mr. Hammond says she has been practising all winter for it."

"Oh, how nice that will be!" said Carrie. "I hope the singing will be improved."

"Well," said Mr. Shaw, the general grumbler, "I am glad, if she is to be of any use."

The new organ was set up, and Mrs. Hammond took upon herself the task of playing it. Of course, it was a labor of love. Another task was laid upon Mr. Hammond's shoulders now, — to have an oversight of the singing, and to have the choir meet at his house to rehearse every Saturday evening, to prepare for Sunday.

But this was a pleasure rather than a task; for he had a most exquisite taste in music, which had been highly cultivated; and he was glad to have the selecting the tunes, as he had often been so sorely annoyed by the want of taste and feeling displayed in the choice of tunes by most choirs, — his fine ear had been so disturbed, and his devotional feelings shocked, by the miserable music so often heard in the churches. Even Mr. Shaw had to acknowledge that "the music was improved; in fact, quite fine."

Mr. Hammond went on, satisfying, as far as he was able, every claim upon his time and patience; visiting the sick; making friendly calls; receiving his parish at any time, listening to their trials, hearing and answering their doubts and fears, — and all with an affectionate earnestness of manner that was fast binding him to his people with the strongest bonds. The old found in him a son, who with filial attention soothed their sorrows; and the young found a brother, ever ready with heart and hand to enter into their finer feelings, and into all their plans for the welfare of the society. The church had many new members, and an interest in religious subjects was fast increasing.

"It seems sometimes," said Mr. Dean, "as though our dear old Mr. Browne had come back to us as he was when he was first settled here. Mr. Hammond has the same earnestness and devotional fervor."

Once in a while, some of the grumblers found fault; but there was so little excuse for fault-finding, that they were obliged, by necessity, to be silent.

About two years after his ordination, his dear friend and ready adviser, the good old patriarch, Mr. Dean, died, at the advanced age of eighty-five. He should miss him in every thing. He had

been a second father to him; and he could hardly control himself to perform his part in the services at his funeral, in which he was assisted by the old minister of the other parish.

A week after this, the old minister himself passed on to his reward, and Mr. Hammond deeply felt his loss. The almost apostolic fervor with which the old man had laid upon his head the hands of ordination, he had never forgotten; and there, at the old minister's grave, he consecrated himself anew to his Master's service.

Deacon Harlow was still left to him; and, in his sagacious hints and friendly advice, he had the best assistance he could have.

But his health was being undermined by all this over-work. His wife desired him in vain to give up some of the things to which he attended: but he could not bear to disappoint any of his people; and so they called upon him oftener, and for more trifling things, all regardless of his failing strength and health. He had always been pale, and very slight; and, as he never complained, they did not perceive how, from month to month, he grew feeble. Deacon Harlow was one of the first to notice it, and advise a rest and vacation. Mr. Hammond was unwilling to ask for it; and, although the deacon spoke of it to the parish committee, they did not seem to see the necessity for it. "They liked to hear him better than any one, and could not bear to have him go away," they said. They did not see, in their selfishness, how unjust they were. His wife became very anxious; and Mr. and Mrs. Jones said "he would have a consumption, if he did not go away for a while." A cough, which had begun to trouble him very much at this time, was too plain to be heard for his people to excuse themselves farther; and they offered him the vacation. But now he was too sick to avail himself of it. A slow fever had set in, brought on by over-exertion and care; and for some weeks he was so sick, that doubts were entertained of his recovery. Then the people began to see how exacting they had been, and how patient and untiring their young friend was. They felt how closely he had wound himself around their hearts, and how hard it would be to part with him. They all vied with each other who should pay him and his young wife the most attention. Offerings to watch or tend upon him at any time came from every one; and, when he was at last convalescent, all sorts of niceties, jellies, blanc-mange, and the like, were brought to him. If they had had a little more con-

sideration, and been less exacting in their requirements, the poor man might never have been so terribly reduced. As soon as he was able to be removed, he was taken to his father's, in the city, by the sea; and the clear, bracing breezes of his native place soon restored him to his former health.

When he returned to his people, his heart was gladdened by the evident pleasure at seeing him back again in health that every face that met him wore. The whole parish waited at the church-door to welcome him. Even Messrs. Shaw and Company met him with real pleasure, and said how much they had missed him in his absence.

Mrs. Ames had lost a daughter, and another family a little child, in his absence. Mary Ames had been sick in consumption for a long time; and the greatest comfort she had had was in conversation with Mr. Hammond. But very few days had passed, since her illness, without his calling, and conversing and praying with her. It was a great trial to her not to have him in her last hours to pray with her: but he had written to her as soon as he was able to write; and his letters had been a great comfort, both to her and her widowed mother. His first calls, of course, were upon the afflicted; but, as fast as he was able, he called upon all. His city physician had laid down many rules for him, which his wife and Mrs. Jones insisted upon his keeping. One of the first was to regulate his hours of study, writing, and receiving the visits of his people. There was a little murmuring on the part of those who had called at the wrong time, and been refused; but the necessity of the thing was so evident that they acquiesced without more ado.

Three years more passed away. Every month, he had gained more and more the affections of his people. Always affectionate and conciliatory in his manner, and wishing to please all, still he never forgot his mission. The truth as it is in Jesus was what he was to preach to them; and nothing, which he felt his people needed, was to be kept back from them. They had come to listen with attention to what they had formerly called his political sermons; for he had shown them that the religion of Jesus was to regulate their dealings with one another, and the world at large, in every thing. His "orthodoxy," as they had called it, was now what they wanted; for they had felt that their own

coldness, and want of faith, was what was reprehensible, instead of it.

In the course of this time, his fame as a preacher had become widely known; and one or two calls from other parishes had been given to him: but he had always refused to listen to them. He was too much attached to his own people to leave them. He had now his own house and home among them; his children had been born there; and every memory of these last five years was so closely connected with the village and his people, that he felt that he could not, and ought not to, leave them, so long as they desired him to remain.

Now another call had come to him, from the city of his birth; and his people heard of it with fear and trembling. Every inducement was held out to him that was possible. A larger salary, of course, was offered; and from his friends and relations, who were so desirous of having him near to them, a most urgent claim was raised. They said that his health would be better; that he was burying himself and his family in that country village; that, for the sake of his parents, he ought to come to them. The committee of the city parish waited upon him, and urged him from every point. "The society," they said, "was suffering from being a long time without a minister; and he was the first one upon whom all had agreed; and he had had an unanimous vote. Just such a man as he was needed. The temptations of a city were so great, especially to young men, that they thought he would see how much wider a field of usefulness was opened before him with them, than in the more quiet life and higher moral character of the place he was then in. They had heard that he had a very happy and winning manner with the young; and in the city, if anywhere, he had an opportunity to exercise his gift, — so great a one, they thought, that he ought not to allow himself to bury it under a bushel."

His own people came to him, and desired him to stay, and offered him more salary. At the meeting of the committee, there was really now an unanimous vote to have him remain. The affectionate appeal of his people, and the sad, distressed looks which met him at every turn, showed him how much love they had for him, and how much they depended upon him. His heart was touched. He was to decide immediately; and shutting himself up in his study, alone with himself and his Father, he prayed

to be guided aright. After a few hours, he came out, with a smile of so much calm assurance upon his face, as left no doubt of his having decided aright as to what course he was to pursue. His wife looked up at him as he entered the parlor, and said, "You have decided to stay, I think." — "Yes," he answered, "I have decided to stay. No other people can be to me what these are, whom I came among first, — no other pulpit ever seem to me like the one where I stood to have the hands of ordination laid upon my head; and I feel, too, that here my duty lies. Here people are born and die; here they love, suffer, sin, and repent. And, from the country, the young men go to the city; and why may I not here, by the grace of God, plant that seed which shall ripen even in the midst of the temptations of the city? I know, from experience, what those temptations are; and even here, perhaps, I may be able to guide many past those pitfalls of vice and ruin with which the city undoubtedly abounds. Here are temptations to sin, as well as there; and my people here need a watchman, as well as they. I can conceive of cases where it would be right for a minister to leave his people, even though they be greatly attached to each other, — where it would be evidently his duty to do so; but I do not think mine is such a case. I think that the tie which binds a minister to his people should not be lightly broken: it is too sacred. And, in these days of change and disunion, I feel as though those who are really happy in their connections, and feel that they are in their right sphere, should remain where they are."

"I am glad you have decided to remain," said his wife; "for here it seems like home."

His answer was given to the city church committee, and his reasons given for his decision, both to them and to his private friends. Many wondered; but those who knew him best were not surprised. To his own people, his answer was given from the pulpit the next Sunday. There was hardly a dry eye there; and the general rejoicing seemed to be poured forth by the choir, in the heartfelt manner in which they sang, with Mrs. Hammond to lead upon the organ.

"I thought you would not leave us," said Deacon Harlow.
"And I knew you could not," said Mrs. Jones.

There were great rejoicings in the whole parish, as might be supposed. Mr. Shaw was one of the first to go to Mr. Hammond,

and thank him for remaining. His opposition to Mr. Hammond had long ago passed away; and, in its place, an affection for him had arisen, of the strength of which he was not himself aware until these last few days.

The decision of Mr. Hammond to give up so much as was offered to him by the city parish was a nine-days' wonder, and then forgotten. A young man, just from college, had been called to fill the vacant place; and the country minister was no longer regretted. But, in the depths of his own heart, Mr. Hammond felt he had decided rightly; and, in the increased affection of his people, he had more than a recompense for all he had cast aside.

N.

C H A R A C T E R.

"HEAVEN!" said some Sunday-school scholars, the other day. "How *can* one think of heaven, a place that is not anywhere? And how could people live without houses and clothes and food? What would they have to do?"

Alas! too literally, how can we live in heaven, if, during our earthly lives, we convert the soul into a mere machine for securing houses and clothes and food? It is a pity we do not ask the question oftener, and in more varied forms.

Merchants count over their treasures every year, balance expenditures and receipts, and, if the latter do not greatly exceed the former, change their course, or bend all their energies upon detecting and guarding against a recurrence of the evil. Why should we not all sometimes thus take account of our less-perishable stock, — balance the soul's accounts, and ask if our gains exceed our expenses there? For how many the ledger would read, — "Spent, time which is part of eternity, capacities a little lower than the angels', such opportunities of usefulness and happiness as immortals need not scorn: Gained, for the body, meat which perisheth, fine clothes, warm shelter; and, for the soul, want, rags, and rust!"

What is life, without thought? What is the use in living, if our spirits do not grow? And yet half of us do not realize that

we have spirits, and employ thought only to devise a luxurious dinner or a showy dress.

There is, especially in the young people of our time, a painful vanity of mind. An eminent teacher recently complained that her occupation was passing away, for she could only instruct when there was a mind to receive guidance, — something to work upon. To prove this assertion, let any one observe some charming young belle or beau. Fresh, pretty flowers enough they are to pass in the rough ways of life; but let him pause, and constitute himself their Boswell for a little while. He shall find them practised in coquetry, and perhaps in music; they can prattle and smile, and pass shallow criticism upon those wiser than themselves; they have been everywhere, and seen nothing; they know a little of every thing, and the meaning of nothing whatever. When we read words which romance and history put on the lips of Aspasia, Hypatia, and others, whose names are a byword for refined and noble culture, we can but doubt if the young world has grown far past the old. True, they were the greatest, and these the least; but their greatest should by this time have become our least.

It is not wholly the young people's fault. Hens seldom hatch swans; and, even then, would fain force them to scratch instead of swim. It is because the parents will eat sour grapes, that the children's teeth are set on edge. Families are brought up without thought, foresight, or insight. Children are misunderstood, allowed to misunderstand each other, grow in the dark, and contract habits and beliefs for which society must suffer, and which they must themselves unlearn in after-life by a slow and painful process, that will perhaps unsettle, besides, the little character they have.

And here is the trouble: parents need to gain themselves, and to give their children, character. They take care to have the outer garments suitable: why neglect also to furnish the soul with clothes, — with those opinions and beliefs which shall serve as garment and armor in the coming battle of life? Many a mother leaves her child's heart lying ice-bound under luxurious furs, torpid under fluttering gauze, and knows not what disease and deformity are spreading beneath the dainty silks and embroideries which she delights to bestow.

Fortunately, some fine traits are indigenous in our natures;

and fine opportunities of spiritual development lie in almost every woman's path. The young mother needs no teacher but her child to crown her life with patience, devotion, self-sacrifice, and other of those virtues which make the highest beauty of womanhood, and are themselves a guide and staff through the silent martyrdom of many an humble, holy life. Yet, if the mind were sooner awakened, these same traits would have an earlier and more perfect development.

Ignorance is such a woful loss ! Clad in its blinders, we pass through life as a clown might through the picture-galleries of Italy ; for are not God's picture-galleries better than any which Raphael and Correggio have helped to fill ? And to how many of us, as we walk through these, their learning and wisdom and beauty fall like star-beams into the dull sea !

Half, if not all, the evil of existence comes from the fact that we have no character, no aim, no settled principles. Take away our surroundings, our habits, occupations, dress, and nothing is left : there is reason to fear that the soul must vanish back into thin air, its fleshly garment gone ; or be given to some one who has used his talents better.

In seeking friends, we look for those upon whom we can depend for all of this life, and beyond ; those who will not, after years or days of mutual good offices, suddenly fall away, seem evil when they were virtuous, and false when they were true, and make us doubtful of all men, as well as ashamed of ourselves that we have ever been deceived into esteeming them. We want, in our friends and ourselves, character ; rooted principles which all the storms of earth cause only to take firmer hold of their ground. We want not to live as some study languages, — acquiring one after another with ardor, and no thought of pursuing the different literatures to which they are a key. We want to understand ourselves and our destinies ; learn to discriminate and judge, and for this end to shake off our souls' lethargy, and live, not dream. We want to let life's shadows pass, and grasp at its substances.

Surely no renunciation is too entire, no suffering is too great, no effort too arduous, no perseverance too indomitable, for the gain of a right to say, " I am ; and these flickering appearances of the outward world cannot change me. Though the world be consumed, I will stand fast by my principles, by the promise of

God and my own soul; and all the fiends cannot persuade me but so I shall rest unmoved!"

"It is not life upon Thy gifts to live;
But to grow fixed with deeper roots in Thee,
And, when the sun and shower their bounties give,
To send out thick-leaved limbs, — a fruitful tree,
Whose green head meets the eye for many a mile,
Whose moss-grown arms their rigid branches rear,
And full-faced fruits their blushing welcome smile,
As to its goodly shade our feet draw near."

K. C.

LECTURES ON PALESTINE. — No. 14.

JERUSALEM.

"How does the city sit solitary, that was full of people!" These opening words of the Lamentations of Jeremy will break upon your lips, as, at the close of a toilsome day, your eyes first fall upon the sad gray walls which hide all that is left of the once-proud Jerusalem. "Is this the city that men called the Perfection of Beauty, the Joy of the whole Earth?" These mocking words will follow you like an echo, as you fare silently along the narrow streets, arrested only by the cries of petty traffic and of lying beggary. Dim indeed has the fine gold become, when the wretched remnant of the tribes of Israel are spurned along the ways of their Holy City by the scornful curse of their oppressor. Here, according to prophecy, are "the stones of the sanctuary poured out into the top of every street:" the soldiers of the heathen defile with their touch the marble which might once have been in courts of the Lord. The "rampart and the wall" are there; but "they languish together:" the watchmen of Zion walk no more about them, and the cheers of the spearmen no longer encourage the fainting hearts of the people of God. The whole spectacle before you at Jerusalem is one of *prophecy illustrated*. This is the deepest impression that you bring away. The region around Nazareth repeats to you strikingly the parables of the Saviour; the hills and the plains of Galilee and Judea

show you again the customs and the life of the ancient Jewish ages; Carmel and Sharon and the Jordan tell over again their histories of miracle: but from Jerusalem you learn chiefly how true, how vivid, how solemn, are the utterances of prophecy, which have described the future, and declared the doom of the house and the people who rebelled against the God who had set them in their glorious seat.

Prophecy haunts you, as, in obedience to the rhythmic command of the Psalmist, "you walk about Zion to tell the towers thereof, and mark well her bulwarks." These are weak now, and the space which they embrace is small, — scarce half of that which the army of Titus saw enclosed and defended when they encamped on that northern plain. In a single hour you have "gone round" the city. Gray and old are these walls, and high they seem when you can look down from them into the deep ravines; but they would make a poor defence against the assaults of modern warfare. Along their eastern side you may see the great stones, worn smooth by time, which the Jewish captives kissed at their parting, — which our Saviour saw when he was led from Gethsemane to the high priest's house. The battlements would be beautiful, in their long, symmetric, wedge-shaped ranges, if Saracen skill could seem beautiful on the walls of Jerusalem. Was it not said, "The sons of strangers shall build up thy walls"?

And here, by the western gate, is the fort of the city, mounted with a few rusty guns, which utter themselves only on the days of official holiday or Moslem festival. Was the fort in which David dwelt, from which, as they say, he looked down upon the house of Uriah, and saw first the mother of Solomon, — was this so small, so vile, so poorly garnished, so weakly garrisoned, as the castle which your guide so boastfully points out, as if it were a marvel of strength and grace? You may stop to trace the junction of the modern with the ancient portion, to see how much of the once-famous tower, which Herod built, remains; to conjecture the site of those companion-towers of the palace of Herod; of all the magnificent cisterns and granaries and halls which were once gathered on the spot: but here, too, will come in that sentence of Isaiah, "The forts and the towers shall be for dens for ever."

The best life of an ancient Jewish city was to be seen in its

gateways. The modern gates of Jerusalem show as well the characteristic features of its life. There the heavier traffic of the market is settled; and the merchants of the city meet the wayfarers of the wilderness, who lead thus far their laden camels, but hesitate to descend the dangerous streets. The captain of the guard sits there, with an air as arrogant, an indolence as stately, and a train of servants as obsequious, as any ancient king. The mollahs of the mosque are there to represent the class of Pharisees; and scribes not a few are ready with scanty materials to ply their literal trade, though they lack the learning of the Jewish scribes. Each janizary is a Sadducee, if want of faith and piety makes Sadducees now. If wisdom crieth not now in the openings of the gates, there is "war" there, — a continual, fierce war of words, fiercest at the closing of the gates, and inflamed, as in the days of the Judges, by the "new gods" which the races have chosen. Beggars abound there, loathsome as Lazarus at the gate of Dives. Blind men beg there for charity, earnest as Bartimeus, though less hopeful than he of cure. Along the pathway outside of the portal are a row of lepers, hideous to see, whose repulsive touch Christians need not the statutes of Moses to make them shrink from. Fanatic dervises counterfeit well there the men "possessed with devils," gaining the reputation of sainthood by their frenzy and their rags. At one hour of the day you may see, at the Gate of St. Stephen, "the horsemen set themselves in array." At all hours, in the gate toward Jaffa, you may see them turn aside the poor, and reject them who sit for alms.

Many of the ancient gates of Jerusalem, of which we read in the Book of Nehemiah, have been closed: of some, the place is now uncertain. None can be identified with the few modern entrances that suffice for the reduced city. On the south, at the end of a long street, is the "Zion's Gate;" but it does not stand where the sacred gate once stood, through which David and the priests came in on their solemn days. It opens only for the few who go out on Mount Zion to pray at the Tomb of David; or for the occasional procession, when the body of some Christian monk or stranger is borne to burial. The "Valley Gate" and the "Water Gate" may perhaps be represented by those which bear now respectation by the names of Jaffa and St. Stephen, — the one on the west, the other on the east. The "Gate of Benja-

min," most likely, was in that hollow where now caravans from Damascus enter the city. You may see, though you may not examine, the elaborate structure in the eastern wall, which marks the site of the "Beautiful Gate," the Golden Gate, where Peter healed the lame man, and where Jesus came in on his triumphal day. The fear of the Moslems keeps it solidly walled up and closely guarded, since, through this, destruction is expected to come to their power. Other gates walled up may still be detected; but the effort to identify these with the "Fish Gate" or the "Sheep Gate," the "Prison Gate" or the "Dung Gate," ends with conjecture. The antiquary has a chance for study in the architecture of the gates which remain in the arches of the Beautiful Gate, the lions of the Gate of Stephen, the fantastic ornaments of the gate on the north, and massive tower of the gate on the west.

One needs to learn carefully the rules concerning these gates, else in his walks about Jerusalem he may meet with some uncomfortable surprises. In the Apocalypse, it is said of the celestial city, that "the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day," and "there shall be no night there." In this respect, the earthly city does not agree with the New Jerusalem. There is night there, and it begins when the sun goes down; and it requires hard pleading and patient waiting and liberal backshish to persuade the obstinate guard to open for you, if you have lingered on the hills beyond the hour. On Friday, the Moslem sabbath, the gates are closed for three hours in the middle of the day, to give the faithful leisure for safe and uninterrupted prayer; and many are the curses without of those who must tarry for the deliberate worship of those within. The gates are opened at morning with the first light; and long before sunrise the merchants have started on their journeys to the coast, and the monks have gone out to their matins at the Tomb of Mary.

It is equally difficult to identify the *streets* of modern Jerusalem with those of the ancient city. The plough which passed over them eighteen centuries ago, the ruins which have so often choked them, have obliterated so far the ancient lines, that even the course of the valleys has been changed. The Valley of the Tyropeon, or "cheesemongers," which once girdled Mount Zion on the north and east, separating it from Akra and Moriah, is now so nearly filled up, that the street above it seems but little

depressed from the streets adjoining. The pavement of all the streets arrests attention, made up, as it evidently is, of the fragments of ancient edifices, the palaces and warehouses and temples of the ancient city. Wherever you walk, you tread upon stones "polished after the similitude of a palace." The grain-merchants sit at the corners of the streets on the broken columns which once stood in the porches, and the dogs eat from what may once have been the rich man's table. You are reminded, too, at every turn, of the words of Jeremy: "Seest thou not what they do in the streets of Jerusalem? The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto other gods." For are not these small unleavened loaves sold, in the courts of the Lord's house, in honor of Mary the immaculate? and are not many gods remembered in the confusions of nations and religions there?

The streets of Jerusalem are unclean enough now to justify all that Isaiah and Ezekiel declare of the abominations cast out from holy places. On the side of Mount Zion, one feels forcibly the truth of David's complaint: "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing." While the rainy season continues, this mire is beyond fathoming; and every one, saint or sinner, — the saint with flowing robes, more than the scantily clothed sinner, — must needs carry "filth on the skirts of his garment." When the rainy season is over, the annoyance of another kind is as great, and Jerusalem tries in vain to "shake itself from the dust." Every thing is covered, and the virgin daughters can sit in the dust without coming down from the house-top. The supply of water has not ceased: fountains play in the courts of the mosque; and the laden ass bears on his back full skins from the Pools of Siloam. But cleanliness does not go with godliness in Jerusalem, in the Moslem or the Christian, much less in the Jewish, quarter. More disgusting uncleanness can be found in no city of the world — not in Ireland or Egypt or Australia — than is found on the eastern side of Mount Zion. The odors there are of the shambles; and the doorposts are besmeared with baser sprinklings than the blood of sacrifice. Of the various races which now inhabit Jerusalem, the Jews undoubtedly approach most nearly to the ancient people. They number about eight thousand souls. Their dwellings are compressed into a very narrow space, huddled together

without regard to convenience, and to the last degree wretched in their exterior. This outward show, however, does not always fairly indicate what you find within. They are afraid, by an exhibition of wealth, to tempt the cupidity of their masters; and it is said that some of the Israelites in the Holy City have in their homes wealth, and the show of wealth, enough to call upon them rebukes such as their fathers received there in the age of the kings, — couches of silk and ivory, purple and fine linen, and sumptuous daily fare. A stranger will not discover this. The Jews of Jerusalem are bigoted and suspicious, and do not, like their brethren at Damascus, invite or welcome Christians to their dwellings. In their synagogue-service — which, on the early sabbath morning, Christians may freely witness — you see no sign of ostentation or luxury: the splendor is antique and faded, the garb and countenance of the worshippers are alike sad, and the ritual is simple and touching. Perhaps you will not consent to the extreme age which they assign to these synagogues, or believe that they really stand where David prayed with the people when he had fixed his throne on Zion, since there is no account of synagogue-worship before the captivity: but, remembering how tenaciously the Hebrews hold to their traditions; observing, too, how the rubbish of ages has lifted the streets around, many feet above the floors of these sanctuaries, so that they must be reached by descending steps, — you may readily assent, that, for two thousand years at least, the prayers and chants, the law and the prophecy, have been delivered to the people Israel on this sacred spot. The rooms are four in number, somewhat differently furnished, and apparently appropriated to the Jews of different national extraction. For it is striking to notice at Jerusalem, along with the uniform characteristics of the Hebrew race, the aquiline nose, the arched eyebrow, the sad expression; along with these, the various complexions and marks of the different nations of Europe; the blue eyes with the black; the auburn with the raven hair; the pale hue of the North with the olive cheek of Italy and Spain. Overbeck, the enthusiastic artist of the Roman church, has been faithful to this fact in his pictures, and has given, in his groups of Jews, all that variety of feature and color which you see on a sabbath morning at the synagogues on Mount Zion. From the roofs of their houses, the Jews can look over upon the opposite buildings, which cover the once-holy hill of

Moriah, now profaned to them by its long devotion to the worship of the false Prophet. A few things they may see to remind them of the glory of their great king. Across a narrow, vacant pasture, where thickets of weeds and thistles hide the deep accumulations of ruins and mask many a treacherous pitfall, are yet remaining the lower stones of that great arched bridge which once spanned the Tyropeon, and connected the fort on Zion with the temple on Moriah, — the upper with the lower city. It was reserved for an American Christian to make discovery of this remarkable monument, which for ages the resident Jews had mistaken for the stones of the wall, thrust forward by some natural convulsion. To one who now looks upon it, it is incredible that the real character of the stones should not have been found before, so perfect and regular is their curving. Three courses of the stones remain. Some of them are of great size, upwards of twenty feet in length; and the bridge itself must have been at least fifty feet in width, with a span of three hundred and fifty feet. The ignorance of the use of this arch may be accounted for in the fact that it is not mentioned in the Scriptures, and that the works of Josephus, in which it is mentioned, are not regarded as of high value by the Christian monks, who have chiefly kept the legends of Jerusalem.

A short distance from this arch, which springs from the southern wall of the mosque, is another famous spot, known as "the Jews' wailing-place." It is at the south-west corner of the wall. The area is about a hundred feet long, and twenty or thirty wide. It is paved with large flat blocks of the stone of the region, which are worn smooth as polished marble. The time to visit this place is on Friday, especially between ten and one, when the Moslems are at prayer within their mosque. Then, without any explanation, the spectacle itself would show you what are these stones in the wall, what the office of the people here. Old men, trembling with the burden of fourscore years; mothers, with their infants in their arms; the mechanics of the streets of Akra, who have left their trade to fulfil here their sad, vindictive duty; bright-eyed boys, who have come to practise the dark task of malediction; men gayly clad, who will defile their garments to the dust in token of their sorrow; and the mendicants of the streets, whose hopeless want adds to the bitter energy of their lamenting; all ages and classes — rabbis, money-changers, and hucksters — are all here together, seated, some in the Eastern fashion, — silent, gazing

vacantly at the great blocks before them ; others prostrate, seemingly in agony ; others close to the blocks, repeating rapidly passages from the open book, and striking, at intervals, the stone with their heads ; others, again, wailing in low murmurs, — all mourning, after their fashion, the downfall of their nation, the profanation of their temple, the woe of their hard lot, with only the joyful faith to relieve them, that the Messiah will come here at last to judgment. These blocks, which now they kiss, and now strike with their heads, are the great stones which Solomon laid in the walls of his temple. Time, and the lips of the mourners, have worn smooth their bevelled edges ; but they lie there, massive and strong as when set in their place by the workmen of the royal architect, bearing above them the lighter weight of the Saracen wall, which casts its shadow on the pavement below. The spectacle is touching, full of meaning, far more than the mummeries around the Christian altars. It shows the persistent trust, along with the desperate humiliation, of the race that have so long pined for the day of the Lord to appear. The changes of feeling, which mellow the Christian's youthful zeal to a calmer devotion, have no such action in the Jewish heart. But the boy who wonders now, perhaps, why he should repeat curses upon his enemies from the same book which he uses in the sanctuary, will come here, when his eye is dim, and his beard is gray, and his voice is harsh and broken, to repeat these same words more fiercely, with a bitterness of which age has only nourished the fires.

The Jews in Jerusalem are more numerous than all the rest of the people ; yet they have no political weight, hold no offices of trust, and their comfort, their safety, and their rights, are not considered by their Turkish masters, or by the Christian nations who are always interfering in the affairs of Jerusalem. They gain their livelihood partly from the trades which they ply, and some of which they exclusively occupy, and partly from the contributions which are sent from their brethren abroad. Gifts go from the synagogues in London and Frankfort and Prague, even from New York and Charleston, almost annually, to the houses and synagogues on Mount Zion. The Jew's hand shall forget its cunning, his tongue shall cleave to the roof of his mouth, when, in a strange land, he shall forget Jerusalem. The Jews of Jerusalem complain, indeed, that they are not remembered by their brethren as they should be ; that more rights are not given to

them with the alms that are forwarded; that the powerful members of their society do not intercede to save them from tyranny; that Rothschild will not use his power to confirm to them their property against the aggressions of Turkish governors. Many, whom religious fervor has sent there as emigrants, become tired of their hard life, and sick in the debilitating climate, and come back again to their haunts in the cities of Europe. They have no common language of daily life, though most who have been long there speak Arabic like the natives of the land. German is frequently to be heard in their streets. Hebrew, of course, is the tongue of their schools and their synagogues. Their schools are small, and not so good as those of Tiberias, where they are able to study unmolested. On Friday (the day of their wailing) and on Saturday (their sabbath) they do no work, and their shops are mostly shut. They keep all the festivals of their nation, kill the paschal lamb, spend eight days of the autumn in the feast of tabernacles, and take notice in their homes of the renewing of the moon. They are scrupulous to avoid all connection, except in ways of business, with their Christian and Moslem neighbors; eat no meat, contract no marriages, with these; and, though they have shops among the Christian convents, have their homes all on the eastern side of Mount Zion.

The Roman and Greek churches have enough to do in their own quarrels, without troubling themselves about the Jews. While all the elder Christian bodies seem indifferent to the condition of this ancient people, the benevolence of Protestants has not passed them by. The English Establishment have a fine new house of worship, a school, and a regular bishop, as parts of their work for the conversion of the Jews in Jerusalem; and sympathizing travellers tell pleasant stories of what it has done, and what it will be likely to do. More recently, a zealous Virginian, minister in one of the smaller Baptist sects, took upon himself a volunteer mission, and labored some years on Mount Zion with a truly self-denying and Christian earnestness, though to little purpose. There are dogmas of the prevalent Christian creeds which the Jews reluctantly accept; and we repeat only the admission of this missionary, when we say, that the faith which holds to God's simple unity will have most effect in persuading the Jews of Jerusalem to take Him for their Master who was once persecuted there to his death. Shall not the time soon come when the

experiment may be tried, and the faith which the Saviour gave to his disciples in that upper room, on his last night of life, shall be delivered by some new apostle, and a new Pentecost shall complete at Jerusalem the unfinished work of the Spirit?

C. H. B.

A YEAR OF TRIAL; OR, LESSONS OF "THE TIMES."

CHAPTER XII.

IN the early part of January, about the time Mrs. Selby began to recover her usual tone of mind, an event occurred in the adjoining village, which, as it affected the welfare and prosperity of a large class in the community, will not be out of place in this narrative.

One evening, just after dark, there was an alarm of fire; and, to Mrs. Selby's anxious inquiries as to its locality, Sarah said it was under the hill, in the direction of D— village, and that there was "a monstrous big blaze." When Mr. Selby returned, a little later, he told the somewhat-excited household that it was the cotton-factory, — a large and flourishing establishment, which had been many years in successful operation. After ascertaining how his wife was, and hastily taking a cup of tea, he hurried off to the fire himself.

After Nancy had succeeded in hushing the twins to sleep, — not a very easy task, in consequence of Sarah's frequent and excited entrances to report what she saw from an upper-story side-window, — she went to the kitchen, and Mrs. Selby was left alone. It was a very still night; and, as she lay in her bed, she heard, or fancied she heard, a dull, hoarse murmur of many voices, and the crackling of flames, which sounded like the raging of the sea. An almost uncontrollable desire seized her to get up, and look out upon the conflagration, which she knew could be seen from one of the side-windows in the parlor. Rising from her bed, and throwing a large shawl over her shoulders, she managed, by the help of chairs and tables, to reach the window through which the light was streaming.

What a magnificent spectacle burst upon her view, as she drew

aside the curtain, and gazed forth into the night, now gleaming with a splendor which paled the cold and distant stars shining far above! The cottage was so situated in M——, that, although higher than the spot on which the factory was located, a full view of it was intercepted by the rising ground between: but the flames, now ascending higher and higher from the doomed building, were distinctly visible, while sheets of living fire were scattered in all directions; and the sparks rose like myriads upon myriads of blazing stars, which first shot rapidly upward into mid-heaven, and then, borne along on the light breeze and descending in graceful curves, fell black and lifeless to the earth. For miles around, the whole country was illuminated. The snow-covered hills and valleys reflected the glare: while stately dwellings and humble abodes; lofty trees, with their bare arms outstretched; and naked shrubs, — stood out in bold relief in the lurid light cast upon them. As flame after flame leaped upward into the air, as if they would devour and do battle with each other, they seemed to Mrs. Selby no unfit emblems of fallen spirits, converting capabilities of good of which they were possessed into agencies of destruction and woe; and, to her wrought-up fancy, the noise, which now, in the utter stillness of the vicinity, came distinctly to her ear, sounded like the low laugh of exultation at their demoniacal pranks. No unbecoming illustration, was this fierce element, of human passion, designed to fulfil so important and sacred a purpose in life, under the guidance of reason and conscience and Christian principle; but which, uncontrolled and undisciplined, becomes an instrumentality of unspeakable mischief.

Faint with agitation and excitement, Mrs. Selby returned to her bed; for she was unable to enjoy the scene, however grand, which was the cause of so much distress. She knew that this fire would prove a severe calamity to the neighboring village; coming, as it did, at such a season, and when there was already much suffering on account of the stagnation of some branches of business which gave employment and a livelihood to many of its inhabitants. When Mr. Selby returned, he told his wife that the fire originated in one of the upper rooms in the factory, and was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

"Incendiarism," he added, "is surely a prompting of the Evil One in the hearts of the idle and malignant. There is an old saying, that an idle brain is the Devil's workshop; and such is the

fact very often, without any question. This must have been the work either of some of those vicious loiterers about, to be found in every village, who thought to have a grand illumination, or of some one harboring ill-will and spite against the managers of the establishment. My heart ached to-night as I saw the operatives, some crowding around; others, at a little distance, looking gloomily on as portion after portion fell, carrying with it their present prospects of occupation and support. It is painful enough to think of the loss of so much property, the waste of so much valuable material and machinery, the disappointment of those who had thus invested their money; but, when viewed with reference to those who, at this inclement season, are deprived by it of their employment, it takes the form of a positive calamity."

"And then it must involve the prosperity of so many," said Mrs. Selby. "I should suppose the whole neighborhood would be affected, directly or indirectly, by it."

"Certainly it will. As Whittier has it, —

' Like warp and woof, all destinies
Are woven fast, —
Linked in sympathy, like the keys
Of an organ vast:
Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.' "

And it was so. The operatives — including men with families, and young men and young women, who earned a comfortable maintenance for themselves, and oftentimes assisted aged or infirm parents — were those who suffered most severely. Then came those who supported their families by taking factory boarders, — some of them widows, who perhaps had seen better days; and, what was a greater misfortune, some of them women with worthless husbands and dependent children. Then, of course, the trader and grocer, the milliner and dressmaker, — who, in supplying the wants of the operatives, found a lucrative part of their own business, — in their turn, felt the general calamity to be a personal one also. Other classes in the community were affected by it, only in a less degree; and, altogether, the interests and prosperity

of the village had received a shock that it would be a long time in recovering from.

There was no immediate prospect of the factory's being rebuilt, if, indeed, it should ever be; consequently, some of the most enterprising and capable among the sufferers, whose services are always in demand, sought employment and homes elsewhere, in some instances at more profitable wages, in others at less. Some went willingly or indifferently, having little or no attachment to the place, in which they had no stronger interest than that of earning a subsistence. Some went, with tears in their eyes and sorrow in their hearts, from homes endeared to them by some of the tenderest and most sacred associations. There, as was the case with a portion of them, they had come when they first set up for themselves a family altar; there they had children born to them and baptized; and, alas! there, too, some of the dear objects of their love slept their last sleep, in the pretty rural burying-place, not many minutes' walk from their abodes. There dwelt neighbors and friends, whom many a kindly interchange of good deeds and pleasant words had rendered dear; and there, too, lived the minister and physician, whose offices, connecting them alike with the most trying and most joyful of life's experiences, united to strengthen the bond of attachment so suddenly broken. All this they must leave, and go forth to build up new homes and new interests among strangers; and perhaps also, for such is life, anew welcome infancy to the arms of parental love, and anew plant graves to be watered with the tears of affliction.

But while some went away in indifference, and some in sorrow, to new and untried scenes, other some, either from an inability to obtain employment at so unfavorable a season, or from a willingness, as mere cumberers of the ground, to depend for a livelihood on the chances of charity, remained behind to be objects of care and interest to their more fortunate neighbors.

Such was the actual and apprehended want and suffering, that contributions were taken up in the several churches of D—— and M—— for the benefit of the needy. A large sum of money was obtained, which was placed in the hands of an active and efficient committee for distribution. Private beneficence flowed in also, often secretly, blessing alike the giver and receiver. The rich gave of their riches; those in moderate circumstances, of their

competency; and the poor, of their poverty, contributed their mite.

In the general kindliness of feeling and action which grew out of this event, it was seen how blessings ever come of calamities, great or small. The human heart is a wellspring of noble and generous emotions, whose waters rise and flow more abundantly under clouds and storms than under sunshine and calm. Every revolting and heart-sickening Crimea has perhaps its Florence Nightingale to enable us to preserve our faith in that nature which the scene of her labors almost compels us to distrust. Every pestilence, which sweeps as a permitted scourge or warning over any portion of the land, becomes the occasion of developing, or of giving direction and activity to, the noblest qualities of character in scores of men and women, who, in their Christ-like self-sacrifice and disinterested devotedness in ministries of love, seem to have attained wellnigh to the likeness of Him whose example they follow, and whose spirit they have imbibed.

Blessed be God for these heavenly virtues, amid the depravity, selfishness, and irreligion of the world! Truly, many are called; but few are chosen. To all, the invitations of the gospel are addressed; but how few heed them in such a devotion of their talents, their means, and their lives, to the service of their divine Master, as all are able to render!

As in these great calamities, which involve cities and nations in their woe; so it is, on a lesser scale, in small communities. There, too, misfortune develops kind feelings, hitherto dormant, in some hearts, and gives activity to those who are ever ready to do what their hands find to do. In the present instance, those who dressed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, contributed liberally; and those who were possessed of more moderate fortune, and wore simple attire, found time to attend to the calls of benevolence. Of course, in so mixed a population — comprising Americans, Irish, Germans, and Scotch — as dwelt in the valley of the N——, and with characters as varying as the language they spoke, there were some who took an ungenerous advantage of public charity, and either made no attempts to get employment, or abused the liberality which was caring for their wants by the unreasonableness of their demands. This, however, was to have been expected, and by no means affected injuriously the final result; which was, that assistance was rendered to many

worthy families, which otherwise would have suffered for the bare necessities of life.

Mrs. Selby, on her sick-bed, as she heard from time to time how much interest had been awakened in behalf of the sufferers by the late fire, repressed many a sigh of regret that she could do nothing, absolutely nothing, for them; since she could neither by purse, counsel, nor even the labor of her hands, aid them. This was one of her trials; and it was by no means a slight one to her, with her warm and generous heart. It had ever been a trial far harder for her to bear than the inability to dress richly or fare sumptuously; and it was only after long and severe struggle, in the first years of their reduced circumstances, before she could prevail upon herself to abridge materially her charities. But as each year had, with added expenses and a stationary income, admonished her of the necessity of attending to home necessities first, at this period she found herself unable, with justice to others, to give a single dollar in aid of the needy; for, now that she was prevented from taking a personal oversight over her family affairs, — of which, however, she had begun again to have the direction, — there was a sensible increase of their outlays, notwithstanding Sarah was as prudent and careful as she knew how to be; but she lacked the judgment and skill requisite to make the most of every thing, which Mrs. Selby possessed in a remarkable degree. Besides, sickness always brings in its train unforeseen and unavoidable expenses, aside from those incurred by the attendance of a physician. It is true, Dr. Clarke had not, at the commencement of the year, sent in any bill for his services to the twins; but they were then in deep affliction. When Mr. Selby mentioned the subject to him at a subsequent date, he handed him one, whose charges were almost nominal. Small as it was, however, after paying it and some other pressing demands, Mr. Selby found that he was possessed only of a very small sum to meet the expenditures of the next three months; but he strove to repress the anxiety which this fact occasioned him, and said nothing to his wife in regard to it, who, on her part, refrained from any allusion to a subject necessarily painful to him.

Mr. Selby was now beginning to trust in that guardian Providence whose care is over all his creatures, and who ordains all events and all experiences with reference to their good, and not in vain; for, about this time, occurred one of those circumstances

to which there is the most evident propriety in applying the term providential, and which, in so many thousand instances, has gladdened the hearts of the anxious and careworn. One evening, after Mrs. Selby had in a good measure rallied from that depression of spirits previously alluded to, her husband came home looking unusually cheerful and animated. As soon as he was alone with his wife, he said, —

"Ellen, do you remember James Morris, an old townsman of yours, and a schoolmate of mine the summer I was in L——, at my uncle's, when my parents were abroad?"

"Oh, yes, I remember him, Edward: he was a wild lad, and troubled his mother, a poor widow, exceedingly with his wild pranks. But I have not heard of him since he ran away, and went to sea. Why did you ask? Do you know any thing of him?"

"Why, yes; and I knew of him, it seems, at a later period than you did. When I was with Mr. Alden, the summer before we were married, James came to me one day at the store, and begged me, for old acquaintance' sake, to befriend him. He looked haggard and wretched enough, and acknowledged that he had been living a miserably dissipated life. 'But,' said he, 'I have just been to see my old mother, and I promised her I would do better for the future; and I have signed the temperance pledge. Now, if I can find one friend to assist me, and give me a decent outfit (I don't want money to get into temptation with), there's a chance for me to ship from New York on board the "Flying Dolphin," bound for California. Then if I don't turn right about, and steer clear of breakers, my name isn't Jim Morris.' Well, I was touched with the poor fellow's distress; and, having twenty-five dollars which I could spare, I took him to a clothier's, and made a decent man of him. Then I went with him to the friend who was to get him the place on board the 'Flying Dolphin;' and, after paying for his ticket to New York, I gave to his comrade a small sum for incidental expenses on the way: for the poor fellow begged me, with tears in his eyes, not to trust him with the money. On parting, I shook hands with him, and said, 'Be true to yourself, James, and always remember your mother's advice.' The next year, I heard of him through his friend, who said he had risen to the berth of second mate on board a brig plying between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, and that

he requested him to see me, and thank me for making him a better man. To end my long story, Ellen, I received this from him to-day," handing a letter to his wife, and holding a lamp that she might read it.

As Mrs. Selby read, tears came into her eyes; and, returning the letter to her husband, she said, —

" 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days.' Truly the word of the Lord is sure and steadfast, and abideth for ever."

"Yes, Ellen; but I never looked for such a return as this: indeed, I never expected any return whatever. How wonderful it is that this godsend should come just at this time! and the more so, because the good-hearted fellow little knows our present circumstances, but evidently imagines us prosperous as of old. He kept my counsel to be true to himself better than I have acted on the same precept. I thought the bread I cast upon the waters in aiding him returned to me again in the gratification I felt in hearing of his reformation, and that he was providing for his mother in her old age."

"Yes, Edward, that is the best; and, I think, the return intended in the Scriptures. It is a very doubtful charity to give with the expectation of a return in kind. A return, after many days, we are sure to receive, in the good effects on our own characters which are certain to follow from acts of kindness and self-denial on Christian motives."

The letter enclosed a draft for one hundred dollars, and was as follows: —

"LIVERPOOL, Dec. 20, 1854.

"Honored Sir, — It's long been in my mind to write you a letter, to let you know all the good your great kindness done me, as I take it for granted you would like to hear how I get along, after I parted company with you six years ago. I shipped, as I told you, on board the 'Flying Dolphin;' and, after we got fairly out to sea, I had time to think about my past life and present prospects; and, 'mongst other things, I thought on what you said on being true to myself. Think's I, at first, 'What's that?' And then I remembered what good old Parson G—— always used to be telling us about not hiding our talents, and about improving our opportunities; and I guessed you meant something of that sort; and, as I was sure I had a talent for being a sailor, I said to myself I would be a good one. Well, by and by I

thought, 'May be it meant something more than that;' and I concluded it was likely to mean I wasn't to go against the grain of my conscience. And so, after that, I tried to remember all my good old mother's teachings, and the hymns and Bible-verses she learnt me; and, somehow, they all came up fresh into my mind; and, ever since then, I have been prospering.

"After we arrived in San Francisco, I got the berth of second mate on board the brig 'Antelope,' trading to the Sandwich Islands. The next year, I rose to the berth of chief mate. About two year ago, I took a voyage as first mate in the ship 'Good-speed,' bound from San Francisco to Macao, and from there home. On the passage to New York, our captain, as fine a man as ever I want to sail with, died; and, of course, the command of the ship fell to me. I was very fortunate in getting her into port; and the owners were so well pleased with the appearance of the ship, and what I had done, that they made me captain, and fitted her out straight on another voyage. Since then, I haven't been in New York long enough at one time to go and see my old mother; but I have given orders to my owners to look out well for her. I'm now in Liverpool, taking in a load of provision and clothing, &c., for the seat of war.

"So you see, sir, I have as snug a birth, and as good a chance for getting ahead in the world, as any man could want, if I only mind my helm; and that I shall try to do. And it's all, under Providence, owing to you; for if you had turned a deaf ear to me, as Squire Grimes did, in L——, when I went to him, afore I come to you — What do you think he said to me, but that he hadn't no money to throw away on idle vagabonds? Well, as I was saying, if you had done the same thing, I should gone right back to my old courses, and never tried to tack about again.

"Lately, sir, I can't tell why, I been thinking a great deal about you and your sweet wife, if you will excuse my freedom in speaking of her; and, somehow, it seemed as if I must send you some token of good-will and gratitude, to say nothing of the debt I owe you, which it will never be in my power to pay back. Howsomever, sir, if you will except this draft on my owners, and buy something for your wife and the little masters, if so be there is any, you will oblige me more than you know for.

And so, to finish this long yarn, and hoping you and yours are as well as I am at this present writing,

"I am yours to serve, your most obedient and thankful,

"JAMES MORRIS.

"P.S. — I hope you will take no offence at the draft, for I have no other way of thanking you; and I don't send it for pay, or because you need it, — only out of thankfulness. J. M."

"The letter is quite well written and expressed, for one in his condition," said Mrs. Selby.

"Yes, he was a bright boy at school when he chose to study, but full of mischief always, and easily led astray. I must say, the letter is a great gratification to me; proving, as it does, that, in all my past thoughtless career, I have at least lent a helping hand to one more feeble and weaker in principle than myself; and I will not deny that the draft also is most welcome."

"Now we can do something for the sufferers by the fire," said Mrs. Selby. "I have been sorely tried that we could not have this privilege before."

"Yes," replied Mr. Selby, with animation, "that shall be one of the first appropriations of our riches. How much shall it be, Ellen?"

"'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' We will appropriate one-tenth to charity, if you please. I propose that you give five dollars to Dr. Clarke, to be added to the contributions already received; and the other five we will reserve for future calls."

"That is it, Ellen: I will do so. Now I can pay Nancy myself; and you can have any little niceties you need to strengthen and build you up; and the rest we will lay by towards paying our good doctor's bill, when we are well again."

"Were ever one hundred dollars before to do so much good?"

"I think James, poor fellow, would be happy, if he knew what a godsend this has been to us. But one of his wishes cannot be complied with: part of it was for" —

He would have said Charlie; but their sorrow was still too fresh to enable either parent to speak the familiar household name yet. In alluding to him, they thus far were accustomed to say, "our dear absent one," or "our darling," or "our angel-boy." By and by, after time and resignation shall have healed the wound

which now so often bled afresh with the poignancy of first grief, he will be Charlie again; and his little sisters will be taught to love the heaven which is now his home, and God who is the Father, and Christ who is the Saviour, of their departed brother and of all mankind.

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Selby, quietly; "but he needs it not, nor aught else that we can do for him. Our darling is now our guardian angel. Do you not believe it to be so, Edward?"

"Yes, surely, even if it be that he is not permitted to have a knowledge of our earthly sins and sorrows, — which would mar his happiness, and perhaps impede his spiritual development, — he must be a guardian angel to us; for, since we have a dear child in our Father's house of many mansions, shall not our hearts be with him there, and we become, in consequence, more devout and more heavenly-minded? O Ellen!" resumed Mr. Selby, after a pause, "how I loved that boy! how proud I was of him! But I was not worthy of so holy a trust. God forgive me for the past!"

Mrs. Selby repressed the emotions of her own heart as well as she could, and, with gentle words of love and faith, tried to soothe her husband. But the effort, added to the excitement of the evening, proved too much for her strength; and she sank back on her bed, so pale and exhausted that her husband was alarmed. She soon, however, partially rallied; but the next day she was very feeble, and Mr. Selby left home anxious and depressed.

Mrs. Selby had not gained as her physicians hoped and expected she would; and January drew near its close without any perceptible improvement in her condition. Nature, so long over-taxed, seemed resolved on full recompense for the wrongs she had received. Her sick-room, however, was rendered pleasant by her restored cheerfulness, — for even the grief ever in her heart was not allowed to cast a shadow on all around her, — and by the frequent visits of her friends. Mrs. Alden and Mrs. Grant came to see her daily; and Miss Leslie and Mrs. Beltravers were constant in their attentions. Mrs. Beltravers was an excellent reader; and she often read aloud to Mrs. Selby. They were all, indeed, most assiduous in their kindly interest; and the invalid felt that her trial was rendered as easy to bear as it possibly could be.

One day, when Miss Leslie was sitting with her friend, Dr. Lester came in. He was now in the habit of coming out to

M—— once a week, although unwilling to acknowledge to himself even the anxiety he felt on account of Mrs. Selby. That very afternoon, indeed, having called on Dr. Clarke previous to his visit to their common patient, in reply to some remarks of the former, expressive of his fear as to the result of her prolonged debility, he said, —

"There's no cause for fear, doctor, not the least, you may rest assured. She's bent low under this trouble; but she'll not break yet, trust me."

When, however, he entered her sick-room, and noticed the exceeding delicacy of her appearance, and the look of almost unearthly sweetness with which she returned his salutation, he found it difficult to address her with his usual brusk cordiality. He immediately recovered himself, however, and said, —

"Positively, this is my last visit, Ellen, if you persist in lying in bed here. I've no time to waste on such idlers."

"Your last till you come again, you mean, Dr. Lester. You have made me, like other spoiled children, have little awe of your threats," answered Mrs. Selby, who always was delighted to see the kind friend whom she had known from her earliest childhood.

"See how she abuses my forbearance, Miss Leslie!" said Dr. Lester, turning towards that lady, who sat quietly at a little distance from the bed. "Have you no influence with her, to induce her to sit up a while every day? How is she ever to get her strength again, if she perseveres in indulging in such luxurious habits? By the way, Miss Leslie, it is fortunate I found you here; for I have a commission to you from one of my patients."

"Who, sir?"

"You remember poor Helen Green, who has led such a sad life of it with her intemperate husband?"

"Oh, yes! and, when I saw her last autumn, she was very feeble. How is she now?"

"Going fast in a rapid decline," said Dr. Lester, nervously pulling his watch-chain to conceal his feelings; for he was deeply interested in this sweet, suffering patient, who, in her ten years of married life, had known nothing but sorrow and trial, in one form or another. "But I think she can't die in peace till she has seen you about her boy, — a fine little fellow of four years old."

"I will go in to see her to-morrow."

"But she's very low indeed, and may not live till to-morrow. If you don't mind — if you would like, I'll take you to-day in my chaise."

"Thank you, doctor, that will be better," said Miss Leslie, promptly, at the same time rising, and looking out at the window. "Mrs. Beltravers was to call for me; and her carriage has just driven up. I will be ready in twenty minutes." Bidding Mrs. Selby good-by, she hastened off.

Dr. Lester's eyes followed her; and he said, half to himself and half to Mrs. Selby, —

"The same kind heart and ready will. I wonder" (with a half-serious and half-comical air) "if I couldn't persuade her to marry me on the plea of benevolence."

"I would make the venture, if I were you," answered the invalid, smiling.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, again had recourse to his watch-chain, and, after giving his attention to the patient for a few moments, rose to go, his mind evidently pre-occupied and abstracted. The fact was, that Dr. Lester, now fifty years old, had decided to follow Mrs. Selby's advice; and his manner of doing it was consistently characteristic. On their way into Boston, Miss Leslie was obliged to do more than her share in sustaining the conversation; and it was not until they were on the Neck, in the upper part of Washington Street, and within a few minutes' drive of the street on which Helen Green lived, that he said, —

"You have a kind heart, Miss Leslie, and a reputation for benevolence; and I am about to put both to the test."

"Indeed!" said Miss Leslie, surprised. "I think I can safely promise to accede to any request Dr. Lester may have to prefer."

"Then the whole matter is settled, very satisfactorily on my part, as you know I am a man of a few words. When and where shall we be married?"

"What, sir?" said Miss Leslie, in some consternation. "If my benevolence is to be called into requisition in the line matrimonial, I must be allowed to recall my unguarded promise."

"Not so, Miss Leslie," said Dr. Lester, hastily, — for they were now at the head of D—— Street, — "not till you hear that I have loved you, and you only, since I was twenty-five years of

age. I will not receive your final answer until to-morrow morning. Where shall I find you then?"

"At my cousin's, No. 6, B—— Street," replied Miss Leslie, almost mechanically.

"Good-afternoon!" was his only answer, as he handed her out of the chaise.

It may be as well, perhaps, to state here, that this very sudden and unexpected declaration received an affirmative answer the next morning, and that Miss Leslie returned to M——, a few days subsequently, the betrothed of a man, who, in sterling integrity, and kindness of heart, had no superior, and whose almost hopeless devotion to the lady of his choice for so many years merited the reward it at last received.

The reasons that induced Miss Leslie to accept so unexpected an offer cannot be given at length. Probably, however, the knowledge of Dr. Lester's long attachment; his high character and standing; the advice of friends; and the desire, so natural to every woman, of a house of her own; and home interests and attachments, — each had weight with her.

BISHOP BUTLER ON THE ATONEMENT.

[In recent discussions of the doctrine of Christ's death, some allusions have been made to the views of that great master of clear thinking and logical reasoning, Bishop Butler. We insert here the celebrated fifth chapter of the "Analogy." The whole work is made a text-book in the regular course of instruction for the senior class in Cambridge, as in many other colleges.]

THERE is not, I think, any thing relating to Christianity which has been more objected against than the mediation of Christ, in some or other of its parts. Yet, upon thorough consideration, there seems nothing less justly liable to it; for, —

I. The whole analogy of nature removes all imagined presumption against the general notion of "a Mediator between God and man;"¹ for we find all living creatures are brought into the world, and their life in infancy is preserved, by the instrumentality

¹ 1 Tim. ii. 5.

of others; and every satisfaction of it, some way or other, is bestowed by the like means: so that the visible government which God exercises over the world is by the instrumentality and mediation of others. And how far his invisible government be or be not so, it is impossible to determine at all by reason; and the supposition that part of it is so, appears, to say the least, altogether as credible as the contrary. There is, then, no sort of objection, from the light of nature, against the general notion of a Mediator between God and man, considered as a doctrine of Christianity or as an appointment in this dispensation; since we find, by experience, that God does appoint mediators to be the instruments of good and evil to us, — the instruments of his justice and his mercy; and the objection here referred to is urged, not against mediation in that high, eminent, and peculiar sense in which Christ is our Mediator, but absolutely against the whole notion itself of a Mediator at all.

II. As we must suppose that the world is under the proper moral government of God, or in a state of religion, before we can enter into consideration of the revealed doctrine concerning the redemption of it by Christ, so that supposition is here to be distinctly taken notice of. Now, the divine moral government which religion teaches us implies that the consequence of vice shall be misery, in some future state, by the righteous judgment of God. That such consequent punishment shall take effect by his appointment, is necessarily implied: but as it is not in any sort to be supposed that we are made acquainted with all the ends or reasons for which it is fit future punishment should be inflicted, or why God has appointed such and such consequent misery should follow vice; and as we are altogether in the dark how or in what manner it shall follow, by what immediate occasions, or by the instrumentality of what means, — there is no absurdity in supposing it may follow in a way analogous to that in which many miseries follow such and such courses of action at present, — poverty, sickness, infamy, untimely death by diseases, death from the hands of civil justice. There is no absurdity in supposing future punishment may follow wickedness of course, as we speak, or in the way of natural consequences, from God's original constitution of the world, from the nature he has given us, and from the condition in which he places us; or, in like manner, as a person, rashly trifling upon a precipice, in the way of natural consequence,

falls down; in the way of natural consequence, breaks his limbs, suppose; in the way of natural consequence of this, without help, perishes.

Some good men may, perhaps, be offended with hearing it spoken of as a supposable thing, that the future punishments of wickedness may be in the way of natural consequence; as if this were taking the execution of justice out of the hands of God, and giving it to nature. But they should remember, that, when things come to pass according to the course of nature, this does not hinder them from being his doing, who is the God of nature, and that the Scripture ascribes those punishments to divine justice which are known to be natural, and which must be called so, when distinguished from such as are miraculous. But, after all, this supposition, or rather this way of speaking, is here made use of only by way of illustration of the subject before us; for, since it must be admitted that the future punishment of wickedness is not a matter of arbitrary appointment, but of reason, equity, and justice, it comes, for aught I see, to the same thing, whether it is supposed to be inflicted in a way analogous to that in which the temporal punishments of vice and folly are inflicted, or in any other way. And, though there were a difference, it is allowable, in the present case, to make this supposition, plainly not an incredible one, — that future punishment may follow wickedness in the way of natural consequence, or according to some general laws of government already established in the universe.

III. Upon this supposition, or even without it, we may observe somewhat, much to the present purpose, in the constitution of nature or appointments of Providence; the provision which is made, that all the bad natural consequences of men's actions should not always actually follow; or that such bad consequences as, according to the settled course of things, would inevitably have followed, if not prevented, should, in certain degrees, be prevented. We are apt presumptuously to imagine that the world might have been so constituted as that there would not have been any such thing as misery or evil. On the contrary, we find the Author of nature permits it. But then he has provided reliefs, and, in many cases, perfect remedies, for it, after some pains and difficulties; reliefs and remedies even for that evil which is the fruit of our own misconduct, and which, in the course of nature, would have continued, and ended in our destruction, but for such reme-

dies. And this is an instance both of severity and of indulgence in the constitution of nature. Thus all the bad consequences, now mentioned, of a man's trifling upon a precipice, might be prevented; and, though all were not, yet some of them might, by proper interposition, if not rejected, by another's coming to the rash man's relief, with his own laying hold on that relief, in such sort as the case requires. Persons may do a great deal themselves towards preventing the bad consequences of their follies; and more may be done by themselves, together with the assistance of others, their fellow-creatures; which assistance nature requires, and prompts us to. This is the general constitution of the world. Now, suppose it had been so constituted, that, after such actions were done as were foreseen naturally to draw after them misery to the doer, it should have been no more in human power to have prevented that naturally consequent misery in any instance than it is in all, no one can say whether such a more severe constitution of things might not yet have been really good; but that, on the contrary, provision is made by nature that we may and do, to so great degree, prevent the bad natural effects of our follies. This may be called mercy, or compassion, in the original constitution of the world; compassion, as distinguished from goodness in general. And, the whole known constitution and course of things affording us instances of such compassion, it would be according to the analogy of nature to hope, that, however ruinous the natural consequences of vice might be, from the general laws of God's government over the universe, yet provision might be made, possibly might have been originally made, for preventing those ruinous consequences from inevitably following; at least, from following universally, and in all cases.

Many, I am sensible, will wonder at finding this made a question, or spoken of as in any degree doubtful. The generality of mankind are so far from having that awful sense of things which the present state of vice and misery and darkness seems to make but reasonable, that they have scarce any apprehension or thought at all about this matter any way; and some serious persons may have spoken unadvisedly concerning it. But let us observe what we experience to be, and what, from the very constitution of nature, cannot but be, the consequences of irregular and disorderly behavior; even of such rashness, wilfulness, neglects, as we scarce call vicious. Now, it is natural to apprehend that the bad con-

sequences of irregularity will be greater in proportion as the irregularity is so; and there is no comparison between these irregularities and the greater instances of vice, or a dissolute, profligate disregard to all religion, if there be any thing at all in religion. For, consider what it is for creatures, moral agents, presumptuously to introduce that confusion and misery into the kingdom of God, which mankind have, in fact, introduced; to blaspheme the sovereign Lord of all; to condemn his authority; to be injurious, to the degree they are, to their fellow-creatures, the creatures of God; add, that the effects of vice, in the present world, are often extreme misery, irretrievable ruin, and even death; and, upon putting all this together, it will appear, that as no one can say in what degree fatal the unprevented consequences of vice may be, according to the general rule of divine government, so it is by no means intuitively certain how far these consequences could possibly, in the nature of the thing, be prevented, consistently with the eternal rule of right, or with what is, in fact, the moral constitution of nature. However, there would be large ground to hope that the universal government was not so severely strict but that there was room for pardon, or for having those penal consequences prevented. Yet, —

IV. There seems no probability that any thing we could do would alone, and of itself, prevent them, — prevent their following, or being inflicted. But one would think, at least, it were impossible that the contrary should be thought certain; for we are not acquainted with the whole of the case. We are not informed of all the reasons which render it fit that future punishments should be inflicted; and, therefore, cannot know whether any thing we could do would make such an alteration as to render it fit that they should be remitted. We do not know what the whole natural or appointed consequences of vice are, nor in what way they would follow, if not prevented; and, therefore, can in no sort say whether we could do any thing which would be sufficient to prevent them. Our ignorance being thus manifest, let us recollect the analogy of nature, or providence; for, though this may be but a slight ground to raise a positive opinion upon in this matter, yet it is sufficient to answer a mere arbitrary assertion, without any kind of evidence, urged by way of objection against a doctrine, the proof of which is not reason, but revelation. Consider, then, people ruin their fortunes by extravagance; they

bring diseases upon themselves by excess; they incur the penalties of civil laws, and surely civil government is natural. Will sorrow for these follies past, and behaving well for the future, alone and of itself, prevent the natural consequences of them? On the contrary, men's natural abilities of helping themselves are often impaired; or if not, yet they are forced to be beholden to the assistance of others, upon several accounts, and in different ways, — assistance which they would have had no occasion for, had it not been for their misconduct, but which, in the disadvantageous condition they have reduced themselves to, is absolutely necessary to their recovery, and retrieving their affairs. Now, since this is our case, — considering ourselves merely as inhabitants of this world, and as having a temporal interest here under the natural government of God (which, however, has a great deal moral in it), — why is it not supposable that this may be our case also in our more important capacity, as under his perfect moral government, and having a more general and future interest depending? If we have misbehaved in this higher capacity, and rendered ourselves obnoxious to the future punishment which God has annexed to vice, it is plainly credible, that behaving well for the time to come may be not useless, — God forbid! — but wholly insufficient, alone and of itself, to prevent that punishment, or to put us in the condition which we should have been in had we preserved our innocence.

And though we ought to reason with all reverence, whenever we reason concerning the divine conduct, yet it may be added, that it is clearly contrary to all our notions of government, as well as to what is, in fact, the general constitution of nature, to suppose that doing well for the future should, in all cases, prevent all the judicial bad consequences of having done evil, or all the punishment annexed to disobedience; and we have manifestly nothing from whence to determine in what degree, and in what cases, reformation would prevent this punishment, even supposing that it would in some. And though the efficacy of repentance, itself alone, to prevent what mankind had rendered themselves obnoxious to, and recover what they had forfeited, is now insisted upon, in opposition to Christianity, yet, by the general prevalence of propitiatory sacrifices over the heathen world, this notion, of repentance alone being sufficient to expiate guilt, appears to be contrary to the general sense of mankind.

Upon the whole, then, had the laws, the general laws of God's government, been permitted to operate without any interposition in our behalf, the future punishment, for aught we know to the contrary, or have any reason to think, must inevitably have followed, notwithstanding any thing we could have done to prevent it. Now, —

V. In this darkness, or this light of nature, — call it which you please, — revelation comes in; confirms every doubting fear which could enter into the heart of man concerning the future unprevented consequence of wickedness; supposes the world to be in a state of ruin (a supposition which seems the very ground of the Christian dispensation, and which, if not provable by reason, yet it is in no wise contrary to it); teaches us, too, that the rules of divine government are such as not to admit of pardon immediately and directly upon repentance, or by the sole efficacy of it; but then teaches, at the same time, what nature might justly have hoped, that the moral government of the universe was not so rigid but that there was room for an interposition to avert the fatal consequences of vice; which therefore, by this means, does admit of pardon. Revelation teaches us that the unknown laws of God's more general government, no less than the particular laws by which we experience he governs us at present, are compassionate, as well as good, in the more general notion of goodness; and that he hath mercifully provided that there should be an interposition to prevent the destruction of human-kind, whatever that destruction, unprevented, would have been. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth," — not, to be sure, in a speculative, but in a practical sense, — "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish;"¹ gave his Son, in the same way of goodness to the world, as he affords particular persons the friendly assistance of their fellow-creatures, when, without it, their temporal ruin would be the certain consequence of their follies, — in the same way of goodness, I say, though in a transcendent and infinitely higher degree. And the Son of God "loved us, and gave himself for us," with a love which he himself compares to that of human friendship; though, in this case, all comparisons must fall infinitely short of the thing intended to be illustrated by them. He inter-

¹ John iii. 16.

posed in such a manner as was necessary and effectual to prevent that execution of justice upon sinners which God had appointed should otherwise have been executed upon them, or in such a manner as to prevent that punishment from actually following, which, according to the general laws of divine government, must have followed the sins of the world, had it not been for such interposition.¹

If any thing here said should appear, upon first thought, inconsistent with Divine Goodness, a second, I am persuaded, will entirely remove that appearance; for, were we to suppose the constitution of things to be such, as that the whole creation must have perished had it not been for somewhat which God had appointed should be, in order to prevent that ruin, even this supposition would not be inconsistent, in any degree, with the most absolutely perfect goodness. But still it may be thought that this whole manner of treating the subject before us supposes mankind to be naturally in a very strange state. And truly so it does. But it is not Christianity which has put us into this state. Whoever will consider the manifold miseries and the extreme wickedness of the world; that the best have great wrongnesses with themselves, which they complain of, and endeavor to amend, but that the generality grow more profligate and corrupt with age; that heathen moralists thought the present state to be a state of punishment; and, what might be added, that the earth, our habitation,

¹ It cannot, I suppose, be imagined, even by the most cursory reader, that it is, in any sort, affirmed or implied, in any thing said in this chapter, that none can have the benefit of the general redemption but such as have the advantage of being made acquainted with it in the present life. But it may be needful to mention, that several questions which have been brought into the subject before us, and determined, are not in the least entered into here; questions which have been, I fear, rashly determined, and perhaps, with equal rashness, contrary ways. For instance, whether God could have saved the world by other means than the death of Christ, consistently with the general laws of his government. And, had not Christ come into the world, what would have been the future condition of the better sort of men, — those just persons over the face of the earth, for whom, Manasses in his prayer asserts, repentance was not appointed? The meaning of the first of these questions is greatly ambiguous; and neither of them can properly be answered, without going upon that infinitely absurd supposition, that we know the whole of the case. And perhaps the very inquiry, *What would have followed if God had not done as he has?* may have in it some very great impropriety, and ought not to be carried on any farther than is necessary to help our partial and inadequate conceptions of things.

has the appearance of being a ruin, — whoever, I say, will consider all these, and some other obvious things, will think he has little reason to object against the Scripture account, that mankind is in a state of degradation, — against this being the fact, — how difficult soever he may think it to account for, or even to form a distinct conception of, the occasions and circumstances of it. But, that the crime of our first parents was the occasion of our being placed in a more disadvantageous condition, is a thing throughout, and particularly analogous to what we see in, the daily course of natural Providence; as the recovery of the world, by the interposition of Christ, has been shown to be so in general.

VI. The particular manner in which Christ interposed in the redemption of the world, or his office as Mediator, in the largest sense, *between God and man*, is thus represented to us in the Scripture: “He is the light of the world;”¹ the revealer of the will of God in the most eminent sense; he is a propitiatory sacrifice;² “the Lamb of God;”³ and, as he voluntarily offered himself up, he is styled our High Priest.⁴ And, which seems of peculiar weight, he is described beforehand, in the Old Testament, under the same characters of a priest and expiatory victim.⁵ And, whereas it is objected that all this is merely by way of allusion to the sacrifices of the Mosaic law, the apostle, on the contrary, affirms that the “law was a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things;”⁶ and that the priests that offer gifts, according to the law, serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things, as Moses was admonished of God when he was about to make the tabernacle. “For see,” saith he, “that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount;”⁷ i.e., the Levitical priesthood was a shadow of the priesthood of Christ, in like manner as the tabernacle made by Moses was according to that showed him in the mount. The priesthood of Christ, and the tabernacle in the mount, were the originals: of the former of which, the Levitical priesthood was a type; and, of the latter, the tabernacle made by

¹ John i. and viii. 12.

² Rom. iii. 25, and v. 11. 1 Cor. v. 7. Eph. v. 2. 1 John ii. 2. Matt. xxvi. 28.

³ John i. 29, 36, and throughout the book of Revelation.

⁴ Throughout the Epistle to the Hebrews.

⁵ Isa. liii. Dan. ix. 24. Psalm cx. 4. ⁶ Heb. x. 1. ⁷ Heb. viii. 4, 5.

Moses was a copy. The doctrine of this Epistle, then, plainly is, that the legal sacrifices were allusions to the great and final atonement to be made by the blood of Christ, and not that this was an allusion to those. Nor can any thing be more express and determinate than the following passage: "It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin. Wherefore, when he cometh into the world, he saith, Sacrifice and offering" (i.e., of bulls and of goats) "thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me. Lo, I come to do thy will, O God! By which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all."¹ And, to add one passage more of the like kind, "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin;" i.e., without bearing sin, as he did at his first coming, by being an offering for it; without having our *iniquities* again *laid upon him*; without being any more a sin-offering. "Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation."² Nor do the inspired writers at all confine themselves to this manner of speaking concerning the satisfaction of Christ, but declare an efficacy in what he did and suffered for us, additional to, and beyond, mere instruction, example, and government, in a great variety of expression: "That Jesus should die for that nation" (the Jews); "and not for that nation only, but that also" — plainly by the efficacy of his death — "he should gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad;"³ that "he suffered for sins, the just for the unjust;"⁴ that "he gave his life himself a ransom;"⁵ that "we are bought, — bought with a price;"⁶ that "he redeemed us with his blood, — redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us;"⁷ that he is our "advocate, intercessor, and propitiation;"⁸ that "he was made perfect" (or consummate) "through sufferings; and, being thus made perfect, he became the Author of salvation;"⁹ that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself by the death of his Son by the cross, not imputing their trespasses unto them;"¹⁰ and, lastly,

¹ Heb. x. 4, 5, 7, 9, 10. ² Heb. ix. 28. ³ John xi. 51, 52.

⁴ 1 Pet. iii. 18. ⁵ Matt. xx. 28. Mark x. 45. 1 Tim. ii. 6.

⁶ 2 Pet. ii. 1. Rev. xiv. 4. 1 Cor. vi. 20.

⁷ 1 Pet. i. 19. Rev. v. 9. Gal. iii. 13.

⁸ Heb. vii. 25. 1 John ii. 1, 2. ⁹ Heb. ii. 10, and v. 9.

¹⁰ 2 Cor. v. 19. Rom. v. 10. Eph. ii. 16.

that "through death he destroyed him that had the power of death."¹ Christ, then, having thus "humbled himself, and become obedient to death, even the death of the cross, God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; hath given all things into his hands; hath committed all judgment unto him, — that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father."² For "worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, heard I, saying, Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."³

These passages of Scripture seem to comprehend and express the chief parts of Christ's office as Mediator between God and man, — so far, I mean, as the nature of this his office is revealed; and it is usually treated of by divines under three heads: —

First, He was, by the way of eminence, the Prophet, — "that Prophet that should come into the world"⁴ to declare the divine will. He published anew the law of nature, which men had corrupted; and the very knowledge of which, to some degree, was lost among them. He taught mankind, taught us authoritatively, to "live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world," in expectation of the future judgment of God. He confirmed the truth of this moral system of nature, and gave us additional evidence of it, — the evidence of testimony. He distinctly revealed the manner in which God would be worshipped, the efficacy of repentance, and the rewards and punishments of a future life. Thus he was a Prophet in a sense in which no other ever was. To which is to be added, that he set us a perfect "example, that we should follow his steps."

Secondly, He has a "kingdom which is not of this world." He founded a church, to be to mankind a standing memorial of religion, and invitation to it; which he promised to be with always, even to the end. He exercises an invisible government over it himself, and, by his Spirit, — over that part of it which is militant here on earth, — a government of discipline, "for the

¹ Heb. ii. 14. See also a remarkable passage in the Book of Job, xxx: i. 24.

² Phil. ii. 8, 9. John iii. 35, and v. 22, 23.

³ Rev. v. 12, 13. ⁴ John vi. 14.

perfecting of the saints, for the edifying his body, till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."¹ Of this church, all persons scattered over the world, who live in obedience to his laws, are members. For these he is "gone to prepare a place, and will come again to receive them unto himself, that where he is, there they may be also, and reign with him for ever and ever;"² and likewise to take vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not his gospel."³

Against these parts of Christ's office, I find no objections but what are fully obviated in the beginning of this chapter.

Lastly, Christ offered himself a propitiatory sacrifice, and made atonement for the sins of the world; which is mentioned last, in regard to what is objected against it. Sacrifices of expiation were commanded the Jews, and obtained amongst most other nations, from tradition, whose original probably was revelation; and they were continually repeated, both occasionally and at the returns of stated times, and made up great part of the external religion of mankind. "But now, once in the end of the world, Christ appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."⁴ And this sacrifice was, in the highest degree and with the most extensive influence, of that efficacy for obtaining pardon of sin which the heathens may be supposed to have thought their sacrifices to have been, and which the Jewish sacrifices really were in some degree, and with regard to some persons.

How, and in what particular way, it had this efficacy, there are not wanting persons who have endeavored to explain; but I do not find that the Scripture has explained it. We seem to be very much in the dark concerning the manner in which the ancients understood atonement to be made, i.e., pardon to be obtained, by sacrifices. And if the Scripture has, as surely it has, left this matter of the satisfaction of Christ mysterious, — left somewhat in it unrevealed, — all conjectures about it must be, if not evidently absurd, yet at least uncertain. Nor has any one reason to complain for want of farther information, unless he can show his claim to it.

Some have endeavored to explain the efficacy of what Christ has done and suffered for us, beyond what the Scripture has

¹ Eph. iv. 12, 13.

² John xiv. 2, 3. Rev. iii. 21, and xi. 15.

³ 2 Thess. i. 8.

⁴ Heb. ix. 26.

authorized; others, probably because they could not explain it, have been for taking it away, and confining his office as Redeemer of the world to his instruction, example, and government of the church; whereas the doctrine of the gospel appears to be, not only that he taught the efficacy of repentance, but rendered it of the efficacy which it is by what he did and suffered for us; that he obtained for us the benefit of having our repentance accepted unto eternal life; not only that he revealed to sinners that they were in a capacity of salvation, and how they might obtain it, but, moreover, that he put them into this capacity of salvation by what he did and suffered for them, — put us into a capacity of escaping future punishment, and obtaining future happiness. And it is our wisdom thankfully to accept the benefit, by performing the conditions upon which it is offered, on our part, without disputing how it was procured on his. For, —

VII. Since we neither know by what means punishment in a future state would have followed wickedness in this, nor in what manner it would have been inflicted had it not been prevented, nor all the reasons why its infliction would have been needful, nor the particular nature of that state of happiness which Christ has gone to prepare for his disciples; and since we are ignorant how far any thing which we could do would, alone and of itself, have been effectual to prevent that punishment to which we are obnoxious, and recover that happiness which we had forfeited, — it is most evident we are not judges, antecedently to revelation, whether a Mediator was or was not necessary to obtain those ends, — to prevent that future punishment, and bring mankind to the final happiness of their nature. And for the very same reasons, upon supposition of the necessity of a Mediator, we are no more judges, antecedently to revelation, of the whole nature of his office, or the several parts of which it consists; of what was fit and requisite to be assigned him, in order to accomplish the ends of Divine Providence in the appointment. And from hence it follows, that, to object against the expediency or usefulness of particular things revealed to have been done or suffered by him, because we do not see how they were conducive to those ends, is highly absurd; yet nothing is more common to be met with than this absurdity. But, if it be acknowledged beforehand that we are not judges in the case, it is evident that no objection can, with any shadow of reason, be urged against any particular part of Christ's mediatorial

office revealed in Scripture, till it can be shown positively not to be requisite or conducive to the ends proposed to be accomplished, or that it is in itself unreasonable.

And there is one objection made against the satisfaction of Christ, which looks to be of this positive kind, — that the doctrine of his being appointed to suffer for the sins of the world represents God as being indifferent whether he punished the innocent or the guilty. Now, from the foregoing observations, we may see the extreme slightness of all such objections; and (though it is most certain all who make them do not see the consequence) that they conclude altogether as much against God's whole original constitution of nature, and the whole daily course of Divine Providence, in the government of the world, i.e., against the whole scheme of theism and the whole notion of religion, as against Christianity. For the world is a constitution, or system, whose parts have a mutual reference to each other; and there is a scheme of things gradually carrying on, called the course of nature, to the carrying on of which God has appointed us, in various ways, to contribute. And when, in the daily course of natural Providence, it is appointed that innocent people should suffer for the faults of the guilty, this is liable to the very same objection as the instance we are now considering. The infinitely greater importance of that appointment of Christianity which is objected against does not hinder but it may be, as it plainly is, an appointment of the very same kind with what the world affords us daily examples of. Nay, if there were any force at all in the objection, it would be stronger, in one respect, against natural providence than against Christianity; because, under the former, we are in many cases commanded, and even necessitated, whether we will or no, to suffer for the faults of others; whereas the sufferings of Christ were voluntary. The world's being under the righteous government of God, does indeed imply, that finally, and upon the whole, every one shall receive according to his personal deserts; and the general doctrine of the whole Scripture is, that this shall be the completion of the divine government. But during the progress, and, for aught we know, even in order to the completion of this moral scheme, vicarious punishments may be fit, and absolutely necessary. Men, by their follies, run themselves into extreme distress; into difficulties which would be absolutely fatal to them, were it not for the interposition and assistance of others. God commands,

by the law of nature, that we afford them this assistance, in many cases where we cannot do it without very great pains and labor and sufferings to ourselves. And we see in what variety of ways one person's sufferings contribute to the relief of another; and how, or by what particular means, this comes to pass, or follows, from the constitution and laws of nature which come under our notice; and, being familiarized to it, men are not shocked with it. So that the reason of their insisting upon objections of the foregoing kind against the satisfaction of Christ, is, either that they do not consider God's settled and uniform appointment as his appointment at all, or else they forget that vicarious punishment is a providential appointment of every day's experience; and then, from their being unacquainted with the more general laws of nature, or divine government over the world, and not seeing how the sufferings of Christ could contribute to the redemption of it, unless by arbitrary and tyrannical will, they conclude his sufferings could not contribute to it any other way. And yet, what has been often alleged in justification of this doctrine, even from the apparent natural tendency of this method of our redemption (its tendency to vindicate the authority of God's laws, and deter his creatures from sin), — this has never yet been answered, and is, I think, plainly unanswerable; though I am far from thinking it an account of the whole of the case. But, without taking this into consideration, it abundantly appears, from the observations above made, that this objection is not an objection against Christianity, but against the whole general constitution of nature. And if it were to be considered as an objection against Christianity, or considering it, as it is, an objection against the constitution of nature, it amounts to no more in conclusion than this, — that a divine appointment cannot be necessary or expedient, because the objector does not discern it to be so; though he must own that the nature of the case is such as renders him incapable of judging whether it be so or not, or of seeing it to be necessary, though it were so.

It is, indeed, a matter of great patience, to reasonable men, to find people arguing in this manner; objecting, against the credibility of such particular things revealed in Scripture, that they do not see the necessity or expediency of them. For, though it is highly right, and the most pious exercise of our understanding, to inquire with due reverence into the ends and reasons of God's

dispensations, yet, when those reasons are concealed, to argue, from our ignorance, that such dispensations cannot be from God, is infinitely absurd. The presumption of this kind of objections seems almost lost in the folly of them; and the folly of them is yet greater, when they are urged, as usually they are, against things in Christianity analogous, or like to those natural dispensations of Providence which are matter of experience. Let reason be kept to; and, if any part of the Scripture account of the redemption of the world by Christ can be shown to be really contrary to it, let the Scripture, in the name of God, be given up: but let not such poor creatures as we go on objecting against an infinite scheme, that we do not see the necessity or usefulness of all its parts, and call this reasoning; and, which still farther heightens the absurdity in the present case, parts which we are not actively concerned in. For it may be worth mentioning, —

Lastly, That not only the reason of the thing, but the whole analogy of nature, should teach us not to expect to have the like information concerning the divine conduct as concerning our own duty. God instructs us, by experience (for it is not reason, but experience, which instructs us), what good or bad consequences will follow from our acting in such and such manners; and by this he directs us how we are to behave ourselves. But though we are sufficiently instructed for the common purposes of life, yet it is but an almost infinitely small part of natural Providence which we are at all let into. The case is the same with regard to revelation. The doctrine of a Mediator between God and man — against which it is objected, that the expediency of some things in it is not understood — relates only to what was done on God's part in the appointment; and, on the Mediator's, in the execution of it. For what is required of us, in consequence of this gracious dispensation, is another subject, in which none can complain for want of information. The constitution of the world, and God's natural government over it, is all mystery, as much as the Christian dispensation: yet, under the first, he has given men all things pertaining to life; and, under the other, all things pertaining unto godliness. And it may be added, that there is nothing hard to be accounted for in any of the common precepts of Christianity; though, if there were, surely a divine command is abundantly sufficient to lay us under the strongest obligations to

obedience. But the fact is, that the reasons of all the Christian precepts are evident. Positive institutions are manifestly necessary to keep up and propagate religion amongst mankind. And our duty to Christ, the internal and external worship of him, — this part of the religion of the gospel manifestly arises out of what he has done and suffered, his authority and dominion, and the relation which he is revealed to stand in to us.

A TEACHER'S EVENING PRAYER.

JESUS, Brother and Consoler !

One before thee bends,
Worn and weary with her labors,
As the day descends :
May she on that arm be stayed
Whose power the troubled seas obeyed !

Jesus, Brother and Consoler !

Oft thy sleepless eyes,
In communion with the Father,
Saw the morning rise.
I am mortal : let me sleep
While their guard the angels keep.

Jesus, Brother and Consoler !

Wakened by the sun,
May my soul, in true submission,
Say, "Thy will be done,"
And the day be bright and clear,
As the night was dark and drear !

Jesus, Brother and Consoler !

Crown me with thy meekness ;
And the garment of thy strength
Fold around my weakness :
Sow thy good seed in my heart ;
Let it there in freshness start.

Jesus, Brother and Consoler!
May thy presence stay,
While thy little lambs I'm feeding
By my side each day!
While I lead them, lead thou me;
Draw us all still nearer thee.

J.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

Life of John Charles Fremont. By C. W. UPHAM. Ticknor and Fields. — It is not often that a more agreeable task falls to any writer than the composition of a work like this. The nature of the subject, the symmetry and force of the character portrayed, the exciting fortunes described, the close and vital sympathy of the whole story with the best hopes of civilization and the aspirations of liberty, the positive certainty of an immense circle of interested readers, the reasonable prospect of helping on a result which is the only deliverance of a great Republic from pressing destruction, — these are the elements of a rare pleasure in authorship. The great danger was that it would be *overdone*. Mr. Upham has escaped that danger. The best judgment, taste, self-restraint, and strict adherence to fact, lend grace and dignity to the whole narrative. And why should the simple facts *not* be adhered to? They are surely enough to excite the dullest imagination, and kindle enthusiasm in the blindest indifference. Every thing in the way of qualities, incidents, adventures, achievements, is united here to rouse admiration. Col. Fremont is pre-eminently the American man, the child of American Republicanism, the peaceful conqueror of American territory, the embodiment of American ideas. No candidate for the Presidency since Washington has been so truly a type or representative of the national character and tendencies. His life is studded all over with salient, brilliant points. As surely as science, courage, generosity, experience, integrity, self-reliance, persistency, success, victory, win from Americans honor and affection, so surely does this hero —

the planter of our flag on the top of the Rocky Mountains — appear a Presidential leader in the cause of freedom, order, and peace.

Life of George Washington. By WASHINGTON IRVING. G. P. Putnam and Co. Sold by Parker, Elliot, and Co., Cornhill. — There is an historical and moral fitness between the subject and the author of this distinguished work. The services performed by Mr. Irving for American literature stand alone. Whatever successors may have arisen, or may arise hereafter, to share his fame, no one can ever displace him from his seat of original honor. It was he, more than any other man, who, at the critical time, raised the national repute, and gave dignity to our letters in the esteem of older countries. In his ripe but yet undecaying vigor, he has devoted himself to this great theme, — a biography of the great man of the land, — the father, deliverer, and head of the nation. The civic chieftain is commemorated by the literary. This has been the delightful, needed, and beneficent work of a serene and beautiful age. With reputation established, with renown enough to satisfy any ambition, with the wisdom of a wide and long experience, with the passions of youth calmed and stilled, with a style always pure and chaste, chastened to a yet more perfect and elegant simplicity by the simple tastes that have grown up in his rural retirement, he has wrought out his complete monument of biographical art, to be "our possession for ever." The treatise is almost as much history as biography. Henceforth the career of him, who has been pronounced by consenting judges the greatest man of any age, is to be studied through this accurate and masterly description. Of course it will occupy a front rank in every collection of worthy books, in every catalogue of English classics. Three volumes are issued; and another, at least, is to come.

The Earnest Man; a Sketch of the Character and Labors of Adoniram Judson. By MRS. H. C. CONANT. Phillips, Sampson, and Co. — This is the life-story of a hero-martyr. As a child, elected by the hopes of his friends to some great work; as a student, popular, while securing the highest university honors; led, through strange wanderings and scepticism, into the rest of a Christian faith; refusing brilliant opportunities for literary renown, that he might consecrate himself to Christ; rising up in the strength of the Master, when missionary enterprise was hardly known in the New-England churches, to carry to foreign lands the good tidings; confronted with weighty difficulties, such as opposition from the East-India Company, and the jealousy of the native princes; living

many years in the barbarous Burmese empire, secluded from European society; at one time imprisoned for many months, and suffering unspeakable horrors; continually threatened with some new outburst of popular fury, in a land where to embrace Christ was to expose one's self to torture and death; giving years for the translation of the Bible and religious tracts into the Burmese tongue; teaching by the wayside, and in the *zayat*s sometimes with barred doors; voyaging, writing, toiling, suffering, for the sake of Christ, — the life of Adoniram Judson is that of one of the most blessed martyrs in the church.

There is nothing in fiction stranger than that incarceration of Judson in the Ava prisons, and his treatment by the Ava monarch; no heroine nobler than his wife. Unprotected and alone among brutes, beseeching, for months, king, queen, jailers, and the petty officers of tyranny, for her husband's comfort; waiting several hours that she might catch sight of *one* calm face, amid a pale, emaciated prison-band, looking out from the narrow door of their dark cell; building, with her own hands, a little hut in the prison-yard, that her husband might escape thither into the pure air; following in feeble health, under a burning sun, in a rough cart, the prisoners, when their secret removal raised fears of private execution; living in a storeroom for months, with a young infant and a chained husband dependent upon her care, and not knowing but the next hour might be his death-time, — Ann Hazeltine was fit to be the wife of such a man, fit to be a martyr-wife. It would be difficult to find, in modern literature, a passage of more pathos than her last words of longing for her absent husband, amid the delirium of death: "The teacher is long in coming, and the new missionaries are long in coming: I must die alone, and leave my little one. Tell the teacher the disease was most violent; tell him how I suffered and died; tell him all that you see; and take care of the house and things until he returns."

The life of such a man or woman is as a pillar of fire set up in our Israel to guide us amid the darkness of our heathen unbelief. Besides the merits of this book, which should commend it to every Christian reader of whatever theologic tendencies, the fact of the profits accruing to the orphan children of Dr. Judson should secure for it an extensive circulation. It ought to find a place in every home in our land; and its presence would quicken the coming of the kingdom of our Lord.

Forest and Shore; or, Legends of the Pine-Tree State. By CHARLES P. LISLEY. Boston: John P. Jewett and Co. 1856.

— These tales, partly traditional and partly historic, were written years ago, as the author says, "under the pressure of manifold duties," and first appeared in the newspaper with which he was connected; and their aim seems to be to illustrate the early border-life of the settlers in Maine. Availing himself of scattered traditions, the writer has presented us with a vivid and faithful picture of the times when brave men, trusting in God, raised new homes in the wilderness; when the Indian, infuriated by wrong, skulked in the thicket by day, that he might burn and scalp and murder by night; when the tomahawk and the arrow spared neither sex nor age; when the husband planting in the fields, and the wife standing in the doorway, and the daughter strolling carelessly in the meadows, and the son fishing in secluded brooks, alike fell victims to the pitiless fury of the Red Man. By a series of thrilling stories, the reader is deeply impressed with the dangers, the privations, the joys, the sorrows, of our Puritan Fathers in times of Indian warfare. One's attention is held throughout. Our taste is not shocked by that gross exaggeration and straining after effect seen in so many modern novels. The descriptions of natural scenery are accurate; the individualism of the characters is well preserved; and a certain *naïveté* in the style, together with the events treated of, render the book interesting and attractive.

Peter Gott, the Cape-Ann Fisherman. By J. REYNOLDS, M.D. Fourth thousand. Boston: John P. Jewett and Co. 1856. — The author has here presented us, in an entertaining manner, with much valuable information about the domestic and sea life of our New-England fishermen. One conversant with the inhabitants of our capes will see at once that the writer is acquainted with the details of his subject, and that his scenes are sketched from real life. He only who has gained entrance into the humble homes where the summer is spent in waiting for the absent ones, exposed to the dangers of the sea on "the Banks" or on "George's," and the winter in story-telling of past feats in fishing, and preparation for new exploits in the spring, can fully estimate the accuracy of the author's observations. If such books could take the place, amongst our maritime population, of the miserable "yellow-covered" trash unfortunately so current in certain quarters, the cause of decency and good morals would be materially aided. The printing of the book is excellent.

Gleanings; some Wheat, some Chaff. By Miss A. A. GODDARD. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1856. — Since the success of the "Lamplighter," the community has been flooded with a tide

of literature which may be named the Literature of Low Life. "Some Wheat, some Chaff," seems to be of this order. If the stories are as interesting as, judging from the table of contents, their subjects are varied, no reader, having once taken up this book, will lay it down until he suddenly brings up against the inexorable "Finis." We will add, that the authoress seems desirous to aid the cause of good morals.

The Youth of the Old Dominion. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. Boston: John P. Jewett and Co. 1856. — We are here presented with a picturesque account of the eventful lives of some of the early settlers in Virginia. The writer says that he has sought "to give to the past the aspect and hue of life, to excite a personal interest in events which could secure little or none as unclothed facts," and that "something of fancy has been necessarily admitted; but all idea of fiction is seriously disclaimed." How much of history there is in the book, we will not undertake to say. This, at least, is certain, that the author has an eminently creative fancy; and, if he does not deal in fiction, he now and then presents us with something else than facts. There is a great variety of personages: James L., and his family; Powhattan; Pocahontas; Wingfield; the rebel Bacon; and a host of others, well or ill remembered, in Virginian history. The book is written with considerable spirit, interests by its subject-matter, and will no doubt be extensively read by those who have neither time nor inclination for extended historic research.

Yankee Travels through the Island of Cuba; or, the Men and Government, the Laws and Customs, of Cuba, as seen by American Eyes. By DEMOCRITUS PHILALETHES. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1856. — The book with this long title contains sixty-one short letters, written in a pleasing style, and treats of a great variety of topics, ranging from a Cuban breakfast at a rustic tavern, up to a dissertation on the judicial and political systems of "The Queen of the Antilles." The writer seems to have been a diligent eyewitness of what he describes, and conducts his readers through most of the scenes that transpire in the Cuban life; repeats a great deal of Creole gossip and scandal; and except with reference to the government and the Spaniards, against whom he is hopelessly prejudiced, appears to judge fairly and shrewdly. There is information, wit, and entertainment in these "Travels;" and we commend them to the notice of our readers.

The New Age of Gold; or, the Life and Adventures of Robert Dexter Romaine. Written by himself. Boston: Phillips, Sampson,

and Co. 1856. — A book of the Robinson-Crusoe order, interesting to young people, which narrates the various adventures of a family in a desert island. Though dealing somewhat with the marvellous, it is more natural and credible than many books of its class. The interest is well sustained; and the work is, with a few exceptions, healthy in its tone. The moral seems, however, somewhat questionable. Finding gold, Romaine is induced to return with his new wealth to the home of his childhood; and the parallel drawn between the artificial glare of civilized life, and the simplicity of his home in the wilderness, is rather too much in favor of the latter. As we do not expect to find the simple pathos, the naturalness, and delicate word-painting of De Foe, we rest satisfied with a book to which, in some slight degree, these qualities belong.

Six Months in Kansas. By a Lady. Boston: John P. Jewett and Co. 1856. — This timely book contains the experiences and observation of a New-England emigrant to "the Far West." The hardships, the exposure, the sickness, the dangers from "Border Ruffianism," incident to a Kansas life, are here set forth by one who has been a sufferer herself. The style is epistolary and lively, the statements seem trustworthy, and the information is such as strongly to commend the book to the notice of the public.

Gabriel Vane, his Fortune and his Friends. By JEREMY LOUD. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1856. — This is a story of "low life," written, however, with much power, in good taste, and with distinct moral aims. The hero, Gabriel Vane, is a poorhouse orphan child, bound out to a cruel, brutish master, who treats the boy according to his kind. He endures all that exquisite suffering which a sensitive, pure, and delicate nature suffers when exposed to contact with stupidity, clownishness, and impurity. He fights bravely his life-battle, though temptation, vice, and familiarity with sin, assail him; and gains the victory, passing through the ordeal unscathed, with his child-heart unhardened. His master and mistress, and their son, are such persons as one sometimes meets with, and is glad to run away from, — such as cause us to confess that there may be *total depravity* in the world.

The Tangleton Letters, &c. Edited by the Author of "Records of the Bubbleton Parish," &c. Buffalo: Wanzer, McKim, and Co. 1856. — This is eminently an American book. It has the spirit, the characteristic scenes, the traits of personal character, and speech, that one notices in our American life. The author discusses questions of social and moral reform, talks of slavery, and those ineffable

absurdities which so often distinguish convention resolves and "platforms" of "principles," with effective sarcasm. The "Great Mammoth Reform Convention" is a witty and telling philippic against pseudo philanthropists and progressionists. The book is printed in excellent style, and illustrated with much taste and spirit.

First Lessons in the History of the United States. Compiled for the Use of Common Schools, by a Practical Teacher. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1856. — This is the most attractive school-history we remember to have seen. It commences with the discovery of America by Columbus, and ends with the election of General Pierce as President.

It narrates, in a succinct, entertaining, and truthful manner, the great events in the history of the United States. It has numerous illustrations of some important transactions, and six steel engraved colored maps, scattered through its pages, to enable the learner to fix in his mind the *locale* of the acts recorded. It deserves to be popular with "the young folks" at school, and is highly creditable to the good taste of author, engraver, and publisher.

The Sunday-school Liturgy. Boston: The Sunday-school Society, 21, Bromfield Street. 1856. — If this Liturgy shall take the place of the numerous manuals now used in our Sunday schools, we think the cause of a real, intelligent worship will be advanced amongst us. The form prescribed is simple; the selections from Scripture are well chosen; the prayers, though sometimes faulty, as having in them theologic terms hard to be understood by children, are helpful in leading the spirit to its Maker. The hymns ought to gladden the heart of every teacher and superintendent who has been obliged to join in singing with his pupils, when there was neither rhyme nor reason nor any sort of pertinency in the words sung. We trust this "manual" is the "beginning of better things."

Statistical Information relating to certain Branches of Industry in Massachusetts, for the Year ending June 1, 1855. By FRANCIS DE WITT, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston: William White, Printer to the State. 1856. — The title of this book indicates its contents; and in its dry statistics is contained much valuable information for the political economist, and even some pleasant reading for the citizen looking after the comparative prosperity of his native town.

Sibert's Wold. By the author of "Sunbeam Stories," &c. James Munroe and Co. — We are not aware that this skilful writer

has ever failed either to interest or to instruct her readers, in her numerous stories. A human spirit breathes through them all, and engages an unconscious sympathy. It is a great deal to meet with a writer of tales, whether for old or young, who keeps up a genial, cheerful temper, — is content not to paint vice or crime, and to dispense with all morbid sentiment in working out the plot. These merits belong, in a good degree, to Miss Planch. In this volume, she admits some measure of romance, and indirectly criticizes certain ecclesiastical and social customs in her own country. "Aunt Fielding" is an actual character.

The Select Remains of the Rev. John Mason. John P. Jewett and Co. — A volume of the letters, maxims, reflections, devout and sententious sayings, of one of the eminent men of the English church, godly and famous, of whom Baxter said, "He was the glory of the church of England;" all tending to persuade men to "embrace Christianity, not as a set of forms or a scheme of notions, but as a divine discipline to reform the heart and life."

First Lessons in English Composition. By Mrs. SPENCER SMITH. Hickling, Swan, and Brown. — The design is simple, and well worked out. It is to conduct the pupil through the very earliest stages of instruction in the practice of our language, by easy exercises, illustrating the use of pauses, the rules of spelling, the nature of the parts of speech, as well as the construction of sentences; and incidentally conveying to the mind much valuable information. It is a good way to learn grammar.

Adventures of Gerard, the Lion-Killer. New York: Derby and Jackson. — Ten years were spent by a bold sportsman, a Frenchman, among the wild places of Northern Africa; and this is the exciting story of what was there seen and done among beasts and men. Both the writer and his translator understand the use of words. The book will not lack readers wherever there are boys. It is plain that the authentic lion is a much more chivalrous gentleman than such human counterfeits as Preston Brooks and his abettors in the jungles of South Carolina.

The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson. Ticknor and Fields. — Notwithstanding his high culture, his royal patronage, his occasional abstruse conceptions and elaborated verse, Tennyson has become popular; and so there must be a popular edition of his poetry. It is a beautiful edition, nevertheless, — small enough for the pocket, and fair enough for the delicate hand. It is complete, containing "In Memoriam," "Maud," the magnificent threnody on the Great Duke, and the other creations of the Laureate's large heart and splendid imagination.

Tracts of the National Dress-Reform Association, No. 1. By HARRIET U. AUSTIN. — An earnest and good spirit pervades this energetic and well-written pamphlet. We know nothing of the movement it represents, except that it is likely to encounter ridicule and opposition, that it has to contend against an enormous evil, that it is liable to be led into extreme and one-sided views, and that it has the facts of physiology and comfort on its side to a very great degree.

The Daisy Chain; or, Aspirations, — a Family Chronicle. — New York: D. Appleton and Co. — We have submitted this novel, from the talented author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," — a book whose universal popularity is likely to make almost any thing from the same source acceptable, — to two competent critics in that department of letters. One of them read one volume; the other read the other. They then compared notes; and we have the combined verdict; which is, in effect, that the book is just what it pretends to be, — a rather rambling record of domestic life, in good-humor, with some vivacity, sound moral principles, and too great a variety of characters, without the unity or proportions of a work of art.

Last Words of an Advocate of True Religion. By REV. BENJAMIN PARSONS. New York: Daniel Fanshaw. — The force of this title is derived from the fact that the author of the volume is eighty-seven years of age. The venerable "Advocate" certainly retains much vigor of mind, and conveys his thoughts in a clear, plain, honest fashion. He is confident in his convictions, genial and lively in his temper, courteous in controversy, — what is sometimes called an "old-fashioned Unitarian."

Biography and Sermons of Rev. John Humphrey. New York: Ivison and Phinney. — Parental love and faithful friendship have united to rear this affecting and beautiful memorial to a gifted, accomplished, and devoted young minister of Christ, removed very early from his earthly office. Rev. Dr. Heman Humphrey, the father, has made the selection of sermons from among his son's manuscripts; and Rev. William I. Budington, a most competent biographer, has brought his well-known refinement of taste, delicacy of perception, careful discrimination, and felicity of expression, to his affectionate and Christian task. We have greatly enjoyed this new interview with a pure, healthy, natural, holy character. It revives an acquaintance of years ago. Our first knowledge of Mr. Humphrey was when he was Tutor in Amherst College; from which institution he had been graduated, — a son of its President. Afterwards he was settled in the ministry at Charlestown,

Mass., at Binghamton, N.Y., and was invited to a professorship in Hamilton College. Of a very genial temper, a lively sense of the beautiful and the grotesque, an intellectual nature rather quick and graceful than energetic, a fine culture, gentle, elegant manners, and a thoroughly deep and ardent religious faith, it is not strange that he endeared himself powerfully to his associates and his hearers. The sermons now printed are such as might be expected from a preacher of these qualities, — earnest, serious, carefully written, blending the unction of a living faith with the skill and eloquence of the classical scholar. Two facts strike us as noticeable. One is, that "he never could tell the time of his conversion;" the other, that when it was said to him, as he lay dying, "You have preached Christ," he replied, "Yes: would that I had preached him more!"

Sin and Redemption. By D. N. SHELDON, D.D. Crosby, Nichols, and Co. — The merits of Dr. Sheldon's style are clearness, simplicity, and earnestness. In respect to doctrine, the significance of his position consists in his offering an emphatic protest against certain misrepresentations of Christian truths which have been too prevalent in the church, but which have not been distinctly seen or appreciated by many of those minds with whom he continues to hold fellowship. In doing this, as usually happens, he experiences some excess of re-action, and undervalues some truths that have been associated with the errors he would expose. The two great ideas that underlie and pervade and characterize his volume, are, 1. That all sin is personal, internal, and voluntary; 2. That a Christian deliverance from it comes by influences from Christ's goodness and teachings exerted on the sinner's heart. These ideas are both familiar and just. The truths that he most inclines to overlook, in connection with them, are the organic laws uniting the human family, the social unity of the race, the profound relation between faith as a subjective condition and righteous obedience, and the power of a divine suffering in meeting the experience of guilt. While he resists some of the absurd and mischievous notions and expressions clinging to the theology of the past, he misses something of its secret, fragrant, spiritual power. Partly this seems to proceed from his constitution, which is evidently ethical rather than spiritual, and inclined to rational processes, more than to rich, devout intuitions. His philosophy is clear-sighted, as far as it goes; but it does not seem to us to reach into the inmost recesses of the soul's grander emotions, — whether sorrow, hope, penitence, trust, or love, —

nor to cover the field of the scriptural revelation. Those natures which yearn for personal communion with a living Christ — most human, because most divine — will be conscious of wants not comprehended in these cool, lucid discourses.

In his own career as a thinker and preacher, Dr. Sheldon appears to have illustrated the high and independent principles so vigorously declared in the concluding paper of his volume, — the *Oration on Moral Freedom*. We have seen his writings described as "original." In the best sense, they are so; for they have the freshness and vitality of a mind that has come to its convictions by a course of its own, and that utters itself, not by hearsay, but according to its natural working. If it be meant, however, that these discourses contain views not well known to educated and thoughtful men generally, or unusual modes of exhibiting the views they present, the description would not be applicable to the work before us.

A Study for Young Men; or, a Sketch of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. By REV. THOMAS BINNEY. Crosby, Nichols and Co. — For the eager, materializing, selfish influences that are brought to bear on young men of business or of study, in these days, we know of few more wholesome correctives than biographies like this. Buxton's character was a singular and noble union of Quaker stillness and simplicity with intense and energetic activity for the rights of men. In both respects, he is an admirable "study for young men." This sketch, much abridged from the "Life," is prepared by the popular and devoted dissenting minister, Mr. Binney. We notice, on this and several other of Crosby and Co.'s recent issues, the publishing stamp of George S. Blanchard, of Cincinnati.

History of Plymouth Plantation. By WILLIAM BRADFORD, second Governor of the Colony. Little, Brown, and Co. — That a work which has existed for two hundred years only in a manuscript form should be published and extensively welcomed with interest, is, in our day, a rare event. The occurrence is only made more remarkable, when, as in the present instance, both the subject-matter and the authorship give to the production a real and positive value. This is the famous chronicle from the Fulham Library, the discovery of which attracted so much attention a little more than a year ago, known to exist, and sometimes quoted from, by scholars and historians familiar with the Pilgrim literature, including Dr. Young, Morton, Hazard, Hutchinson, and Paine. The latter had it, at one time, in his possession, and kept

it in the "New-England Library," in the tower of the Old South Church, where it probably was during the siege of Boston, when the British soldiers used that sanctuary for a riding-school. All the curious circumstances of its subsequent fortunes, and of its exit from obscurity to fame under the united and ingenious efforts of Mr. Deane, the editor, Rev. John S. Barry, Rev. Joseph Winter, the Bishop of Oxford, and the Bishop of London, are recited in the editorial preface. The history itself, besides its fulness and particularity, is written in the serious and devout spirit which might have been expected, not without touches of quaint humor, and abounds in citations from the Scriptures. It is printed in its strange spelling, and with its odd abbreviations, under the direction of the Massachusetts Historical Society, at the charge of the Appleton Fund.

The Camel. By GEORGE P. MARSH. Gould and Lincoln. — Mr. Marsh, while engaged in his diplomatic offices in Turkey, thought it not beneath the dignity of an American ambassador to study the organization, habits, and uses of the camel, with reference to the introduction of that animal into the United States, especially as a beast of burden, and commercial carrier in the great tracts of the Western plains and mountains now opening so rapidly to industry and enterprise. The work is so thorough in its investigations, so condensed and practical in its statements, and so various in its views of the subject, that we cannot venture to give an abridgment even of its conclusions. Two well-proved facts are new to us. The camel (Bactrian) traverses with wonderful success and certainty snow-clad summits and glaciers, as well as hot, sandy deserts; and, besides that, he requires no shelter nor grooming of any kind, and his keeping is cheaper than that of the horse. A train of two thousand camels traversed the icy Indian Caucasus, over a distance of three hundred and sixty miles, with the loss of but a single beast. The whole work will be found full of interest, not only to the explorer, but to the farmer, the natural historian, the patriot, and, indeed, every intelligent reader.

Lectures read to the Seniors in Harvard College. By EDWARD T. CHANNING. Ticknor and Fields. — Opening with a short preface by the author of the Lectures, and a satisfactory biographical notice by Richard H. Dana, jun., his near kinsman, this volume contains, besides, some twenty lectures, or portions of lectures, prepared in the usual course of professorial duty, and on subjects belonging strictly to the chair. Exceeding carefulness of thought,

accuracy of expression, and beauty of arrangement, characterize all the pages. The whole is a remarkable instance, not only of fine powers in literary production, but of the power of exclusion. Every thing is left out that is not indispensable to a clear and clean expression of the idea. There are, throughout, the calm dignity and the classic grace, stately yet simple, of a genuine academic culture. Not many men in this country have written with such thorough and unseduced loyalty to the pure and strong English of the best authors. Who can tell how much this faithful and accomplished teacher has done to form the eloquence and determine the style of the nation? His vindication of his somewhat fastidious severity in criticism, in the chapter on "Using Words for Ornament," is curious, and calculated to conciliate good-will. Professor Channing was one of the few men that are masters in their departments; and he grasps his whole theme in this book with a master's firm hand.

Chemistry for Beginners. By WM. SYMINGTON BROWN, M.D. Second edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Co. 1856. — Whether "Chemistry made easy" be a desideratum, is an open question. This manual, in a succinct form, sets forth, sometimes with considerable clearness, the fundamental principles of the above-named science. An index, and dictionary of the most difficult terms used, are annexed; and we should think the book well adapted to answer the educational purpose the author proposed to himself in writing it.

Berenice, a Novel. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Co. 1856. — This novel is like a Parisian dinner, that has too many sauces and spices in it to suit a healthy palate. There is a wonderful crowding of tragic events into one life, — enough to set up half a dozen heroines. The child Berenice loses her mother; her little brother drifts out to sea; her father is crazy; she is tyrannized over in childhood, her mother's death being revealed to her in the intervals of a severe beating; has an aunt that is kind, but not loving; seeks refuge in a friend's house, and then works in a factory; another friend commits suicide; falls in love at first sight, at Niagara; marries somebody else to oblige the kind aunt; the "somebody else," proving unfaithful, is left by the wife, who goes to a strange city, and takes in "slop-work;" then turns authoress, and becomes known to fame. There are conspiracies, attempt at murder, penitence, divorce, journey to California, letter to the Italian lover, poisoning, stealing, and like interesting occupations, all narrated.

The writer's taste seems to have been damaged by a too-frequent perusal of modern French novels. We find occasional innuendoes and divorce material by no means elevating in their tone. On the whole, "Berenice" is not a fit book for the family-circle, though it is redeemed by some natural scene-painting and dialogue, and occasional touches of pathos, and the fact that the heroine invariably conquers in the hard-fought battle of her life. Why cannot the powers of the writer be employed in a better cause?

A Sermon on the Purposes of God. By Rev. BRYAN MORSE. Rand and Avery. — This is a careful and compact argument to prove that a perfectly wise, good, and powerful God could not, consistently with his moral perfections, prevent the introduction of sin into the universe. It is a virtual plea for unity on this vexed subject, aiming to provide a *tertium quid* for both the Calvinist and the Armenian, while it confounds the sceptic. It is an able exposition of the true scriptural doctrine of moral freedom as against the theological dogmas which, when logically pursued, limit the Divine Goodness on the one hand, or the Divine Wisdom on the other, and man's responsibility on both; "making God the only responsible agent in the universe." Mr. Morse's process is characterized by ingenuity, logical sequence, and rhetorical condensation and force, besides great earnestness of purpose and a devout spirit. The view presented we have been in the habit of regarding as the only tenable and true one; and it is highly edifying to find it wrought out, as it is here, with the ingenuity of the metaphysician, the consistency of the philosopher, the skill of the lucid writer, and the unction of the evangelical believer.

The Charge and Inaugural Address delivered at the Induction of Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, as Washburn Professor of Church History in the "Union Theological Seminary" of New-York City, are both very eloquent productions, bearing the evident marks of fine scholarship and vigorous thought. Those that have not seen the whole will be glad to read the following extract, as a specimen of Prof. Hitchcock's style: —

"In entering the domain of Sacred History, — which, in fact, is the only true, because the only exhaustive, history of man, — we encounter the God of a special revelation; no longer Elohim, but Jehovah, the God of covenant and grace. Human sinfulness is still in the problem, neither less nor more than it was before, grimly confronting the holiness of God. But the Pagan Dualism has ceased to be the solution of the mystery. Ormuzd and Ahriman have fled away. The Platonic Hyle is consumed. Instead of monstrous theories, we possess a veritable, sober narrative, which begins with man in the innocence of paradise, and relates the story of his fall. Actual sin in the

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In his own career as a thinker and preacher, Dr. Sheldon appears to have illustrated the high and independent principles so vigorously declared in the concluding paper of his volume, — the Oration on Moral Freedom. We have seen his writings described as "original." In the best sense, they are so; for they have the freshness and vitality of a mind that has come to its convictions by a course of its own, and that utters itself, not by hearsay, but according to its natural working. If it be meant, however, that these discourses contain views not well known to educated and thoughtful men generally, or unusual modes of exhibiting the views they present, the description would not be applicable to the work before us.

A Study for Young Men; or, a Sketch of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. By REV. THOMAS BINNEY. Crosby, Nichols and Co. — For the eager, materializing, selfish influences that are brought to bear on young men of business or of study, in these days, we know of few more wholesome correctives than biographies like this. Buxton's character was a singular and noble union of Quaker stillness and simplicity with intense and energetic activity for the rights of men. In both respects, he is an admirable "study for young men." This sketch, much abridged from the "Life," is prepared by the popular and devoted dissenting minister, Mr. Binney. We notice, on this and several other of Crosby and Co.'s recent issues, the publishing stamp of George S. Blanchard, of Cincinnati.

History of Plymouth Plantation. By WILLIAM BRADFORD, second Governor of the Colony. Little, Brown, and Co. — That a work which has existed for two hundred years only in a manuscript form should be published and extensively welcomed with interest, is, in our day, a rare event. The occurrence is only made more remarkable, when, as in the present instance, both the subject-matter and the authorship give to the production a real and positive value. This is the famous chronicle from the Fulham Library, the discovery of which attracted so much attention a little more than a year ago, known to exist, and sometimes quoted from, by scholars and historians familiar with the Pilgrim literature, including Dr. Young, Morton, Hazard, Hutchinson, and Paine. The latter had it, at one time, in his possession, and kept

it in the "New-England Library," in the tower of the Old South Church, where it probably was during the siege of Boston, when the British soldiers used that sanctuary for a riding-school. All the curious circumstances of its subsequent fortunes, and of its exit from obscurity to fame under the united and ingenious efforts of Mr. Deane, the editor, Rev. John S. Barry, Rev. Joseph Winter, the Bishop of Oxford, and the Bishop of London, are recited in the editorial preface. The history itself, besides its fulness and particularity, is written in the serious and devout spirit which might have been expected, not without touches of quaint humor, and abounds in citations from the Scriptures. It is printed in its strange spelling, and with its odd abbreviations, under the direction of the Massachusetts Historical Society, at the charge of the Appleton Fund.

The Camel. By GEORGE P. MARSH. Gould and Lincoln. — Mr. Marsh, while engaged in his diplomatic offices in Turkey, thought it not beneath the dignity of an American ambassador to study the organization, habits, and uses of the camel, with reference to the introduction of that animal into the United States, especially as a beast of burden, and commercial carrier in the great tracts of the Western plains and mountains now opening so rapidly to industry and enterprise. The work is so thorough in its investigations, so condensed and practical in its statements, and so various in its views of the subject, that we cannot venture to give an abridgment even of its conclusions. Two well-proved facts are new to us. The camel (Bactrian) traverses with wonderful success and certainty snow-clad summits and glaciers, as well as hot, sandy deserts; and, besides that, he requires no shelter nor grooming of any kind, and his keeping is cheaper than that of the horse. A train of two thousand camels traversed the icy Indian Caucasus, over a distance of three hundred and sixty miles, with the loss of but a single beast. The whole work will be found full of interest, not only to the explorer, but to the farmer, the natural historian, the patriot, and, indeed, every intelligent reader.

Lectures read to the Seniors in Harvard College. By EDWARD T. CHANNING. Ticknor and Fields. — Opening with a short preface by the author of the Lectures, and a satisfactory biographical notice by Richard H. Dana, jun., his near kinsman, this volume contains, besides, some twenty lectures, or portions of lectures, prepared in the usual course of professorial duty, and on subjects belonging strictly to the chair. Exceeding carefulness of thought,

accuracy of expression, and beauty of arrangement, characterize all the pages. The whole is a remarkable instance, not only of fine powers in literary production, but of the power of exclusion. Every thing is left out that is not indispensable to a clear and clean expression of the idea. There are, throughout, the calm dignity and the classic grace, stately yet simple, of a genuine academic culture. Not many men in this country have written with such thorough and unseduced loyalty to the pure and strong English of the best authors. Who can tell how much this faithful and accomplished teacher has done to form the eloquence and determine the style of the nation? His vindication of his somewhat fastidious severity in criticism, in the chapter on "Using Words for Ornament," is curious, and calculated to conciliate good-will. Professor Channing was one of the few men that are masters in their departments; and he grasps his whole theme in this book with a master's firm hand.

Chemistry for Beginners. By WM. SYMINGTON BROWN, M.D. Second edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Co. 1856. — Whether "Chemistry made easy" be a desideratum, is an open question. This manual, in a succinct form, sets forth, sometimes with considerable clearness, the fundamental principles of the above-named science. An index, and dictionary of the most difficult terms used, are annexed; and we should think the book well adapted to answer the educational purpose the author proposed to himself in writing it.

Berenice, a Novel. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Co. 1856. — This novel is like a Parisian dinner, that has too many sauces and spices in it to suit a healthy palate. There is a wonderful crowding of tragic events into one life, — enough to set up half a dozen heroines. The child Berenice loses her mother; her little brother drifts out to sea; her father is crazy; she is tyrannized over in childhood, her mother's death being revealed to her in the intervals of a severe beating; has an aunt that is kind, but not loving; seeks refuge in a friend's house, and then works in a factory; another friend commits suicide; falls in love at first sight, at Niagara; marries somebody else to oblige the kind aunt; the "somebody else," proving unfaithful, is left by the wife, who goes to a strange city, and takes in "slop-work;" then turns authoress, and becomes known to fame. There are conspiracies, attempt at murder, penitence, divorce, journey to California, letter to the Italian lover, poisoning, stealing, and like interesting occupations, all narrated.

The writer's taste seems to have been damaged by a too-frequent perusal of modern French novels. We find occasional innuendoes and divorce material by no means elevating in their tone. On the whole, "Berenice" is not a fit book for the family-circle, though it is redeemed by some natural scene-painting and dialogue, and occasional touches of pathos, and the fact that the heroine invariably conquers in the hard-fought battle of her life. Why cannot the powers of the writer be employed in a better cause?

A Sermon on the Purposes of God. By Rev. BRYAN MORSE. Rand and Avery. — This is a careful and compact argument to prove that a perfectly wise, good, and powerful God could not, consistently with his moral perfections, prevent the introduction of sin into the universe. It is a virtual plea for unity on this vexed subject, aiming to provide a *tertium quid* for both the Calvinist and the Armenian, while it confounds the sceptic. It is an able exposition of the true scriptural doctrine of moral freedom as against the theological dogmas which, when logically pursued, limit the Divine Goodness on the one hand, or the Divine Wisdom on the other, and man's responsibility on both; "making God the only responsible agent in the universe." Mr. Morse's process is characterized by ingenuity, logical sequence, and rhetorical condensation and force, besides great earnestness of purpose and a devout spirit. The view presented we have been in the habit of regarding as the only tenable and true one; and it is highly edifying to find it wrought out, as it is here, with the ingenuity of the metaphysician, the consistency of the philosopher, the skill of the lucid writer, and the unction of the evangelical believer.

The Charge and Inaugural Address delivered at the Induction of Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, as Washburn Professor of Church History in the "Union Theological Seminary" of New-York City, are both very eloquent productions, bearing the evident marks of fine scholarship and vigorous thought. Those that have not seen the whole will be glad to read the following extract, as a specimen of Prof. Hitchcock's style: —

"In entering the domain of Sacred History, — which, in fact, is the only true, because the only exhaustive, history of man, — we encounter the God of a special revelation; no longer Elohim, but Jehovah, the God of covenant and grace. Human sinfulness is still in the problem, neither less nor more than it was before, grimly confronting the holiness of God. But the Pagan Dualism has ceased to be the solution of the mystery. Ormuzd and Ahriman have fled away. The Platonic Hyle is consumed. Instead of monstrous theories, we possess a veritable, sober narrative, which begins with man in the innocence of paradise, and relates the story of his fall. Actual sin in the

life is a flagrant and admitted fact, requiring original sin in the nature as its poisoned root; and original sin is explained by the catastrophe in Eden.

"The fall of man is thus the starting-point of Sacred History; not as a speculation or an allegory, but a well-authenticated report of an actual occurrence, without which the whole course of human events, in their turbid flow, is a stream without a fountain. But along with the fall there is also the promise of a recovery. Redemption wheels into the record side by side with sin; coming at first in a dim vision, and in gentle whispers of mercy, but gathering distinctness of form, and fuller volume of utterance, as it moves down the slope of the ages, till at length the Angel of the Patriarchs, and the Shechinah of the Jewish Tabernacle, is cradled at Bethlehem as God manifest in the flesh. Thus history finds at length its true centre. Christ stands majestic in the midst of the centuries. Before he appeared in Palestine, all things waited for him, trying to syllable his name. Now, all things wait upon him, trying to repeat his praise. In the cross on which he died, making atonement for the world, the lines of history all meet, converging out of the centuries that went before, diverging into the centuries that follow after. By him, in him, for him, all things stand. The work of creation itself, as Scripture informs us, was not by the Father, but by the Son, in order to the accomplishment of his own designs. Hence the imperfections and derangements left inhering in nature, that this earth might be thus a more fitting theatre for the great struggle between sin and redemption. Hence those thousands of years, — not four thousand only, but, according to what is probably a more correct chronology, more than five thousand years, — during which human ingenuity had ample time to exhaust itself in experiments at self-redemption. Only through such centuries of proud endeavor and humiliating defeat could the needed succor come. Hence the atheism that provoked the Deluge; hence the brilliant Chaldee idolatry, the gorgeous pantheism of India, the lifeless and meagre ethics of China, the beauty of Greece, the grandeur of Rome, the barbarism of Northern Europe; hence, above all, and by God's own appointment, the Jewish theocracy, — each working in its own way to prepare the world for the entrance of its incarnate God. And now the kingdom of Christ, laid in suffering and blood, and carried forward by the irresistible might of renewing and sanctifying grace, is the grand and central reality of history. The kingdoms of this world are but its humble satellites and servants. Mankind are all related to Christ, whether they will or no. They ride in triumph in his chariot, or are dragged as captives at its wheels. Christ is the rock, on which they must either build or break. The man who lives and toils for Christ lives to a noble purpose, and dies to sit on a throne and judge the angels. The man who refuses Christ as the Redeemer of his soul, and the great Captain of his earthly march, walks in a vain show, and marches only to ruin. The nation which helps Christ's kingdom may be strong for a thousand years; but, the moment it stands in the way of that kingdom, it is dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel. The whole history of the world is thus, as Augustine in his 'City of God' describes it, only the unfolding of the kingdom of Christ conditioned by the opposition of men; or as Edwards has named it in his immortal work, the 'History of Redemption.' This one sublime interest, which has moved the heavens, — plucking, as it were, from the very bosom of our God, the awful secret of his triune existence, bringing him within the reach of our affections as Father, Son, and Spirit, — is the one interest which touches all things, and is touched by all. It swathes the globe like an atmosphere; is underneath it like the everlasting pillars. It is the key to history, without which its periods are but the revolvings of an iron wheel, — motion without progress, a struggle without an aim or an issue."